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MR. PARNELL IN AMERICA.

IF Mr. PARNELL's visit to the United States fails to do all the mischief which he contemplated, he may console himself with the reflection that the reign of anarchy for which he has laboured has already commenced in the West of Ireland. His exhortations to occupiers to defy the law by holding "a firm grip of the land" have already been followed in many places. His disciples have threatened and sometimes brutally assaulted peaceable tenants who were willing to pay their rent; and in many instances the prevailing intimidation serves as a pretext for resisting the just demands of the landlord. The most serious disturbance has occurred in the form of a conflict between a body of rioters and a strong force of police in Galway. There is reason to fear that, although the mob was ultimately dispersed, it succeeded in preventing the eviction of the contumacious occupiers. At numerous meetings inflammatory addresses are made by the agitators who represent Mr. PARNELL in his absence, and their consciences are probably in no degree troubled by the cruelty and suffering which result from their efforts. They cannot but be aware that, amongst other evils, they repel the sympathy which would be naturally felt for the inhabitants of distressed districts. In suggesting to their followers as a remedy for poverty audacious violation of the law, they convert objects of charity into criminals. The law which allows of the present agrarian agitation may be constitutional, but it is essentially unjust with the injustice of weakness. It is shocking that reckless demagogues should with impunity recommend to the populace acts of spoliation and violence, which are committed in accordance with their advice. The subscriptions to the different funds which benevolent persons are now raising would have been more liberal if the sums contributed were exclusively applicable to the benefit of innocent and peaceable sufferers. The Government will undoubtedly do its utmost to prevent distress, probably by either gifts or loans derived from the Irish Church fund. Private liberality cannot be altogether independent of the conduct of those who apply for aid.

From the scanty reports of Mr. PARNELL's enterprise, it would seem that he has himself no definite notion of the objects which are to be accomplished by his mission. In his first speech to an Irish meeting he solicited contributions to two separate funds, one nominally for the relief of distress, and the other for the promotion of his communist agitation against landed property. His appeal to the generosity of his audience was perhaps less effective because for rhetorical purposes he professed to value sympathetic enthusiasm more even than money. It might naturally be inferred that demands preferred with such a qualification were not immediately urgent. His affected indifference seems to have been confined to the strictly charitable fund; but even American Irishmen and New York servant-girls may doubt the necessity of subscribing to an agitation for the refusal of rent. Non-payment of just debts is a self-rewarding virtue, which ought to involve no accessory cost. Seditious Irish occupiers who hold a firm grip on the land for which they undertook to pay rent may well afford a small contribution to the expenses of anti-rent meetings. It is not necessary to address sound and reasonable arguments to such assemblages as those which received Mr. PARNELL in New York; but

adroit demagogues generally propose to their hearers some plausible and tangible object. Mr. PARNELL must have still further puzzled the audience by asserting that the large sums which are in fact forwarded by Irish emigrants to their kindred at home are really intercepted or appropriated by the landlords. It is hardly worth while to contribute to the relief of Irish distress if the subscriptions are applied to the payment of arrears of rent. That the whole statement is unfounded may matter little as long as it tends to check the liberality which Mr. PARNELL professedly invoked.

Some surprise seems to have been caused by Mr. PARNELL's disavowal of any purpose of rebellion. As he appeared to care little about Irish distress, and as the agitation against landed property was intrinsically remunerative, it may have been naturally assumed that Mr. PARNELL was a Fenian emissary in disguise. Irish agitators before and since the days of O'CONNELL have been in the habit of hinting mysterious intentions which were to be discerned only by those who were in their confidence. Money might have been forthcoming for rifles and pikes; but, if there is to be no civil war, it may seem unnecessary to subscribe. A notice which has been posted in some parts of New York in the name of the Fenian Association is probably spurious. In this document Mr. PARNELL is denounced as an intruder, who would divert the funds appropriated to rebellion in Ireland to the less sacred purpose of robbing the landlords. It is not probable that the promoters of disorder and anarchy will be in a hurry to publish their internal dissensions; but Mr. PARNELL's agitation will nevertheless be regarded with jealousy by the Fenian ringleaders. The unfavourable criticisms of his oratory which have appeared in some of the reports may perhaps be attributed to dislike of competition. It is said that Mr. PARNELL is not loud enough, that he is wanting in humour, and that he has not the traditional Irish secret of stirring a multitude to violence. It is probable that a gentleman by birth and education may not have altogether succeeded in acquiring the tone of a disreputable profession. The defects which are attributed to Mr. PARNELL as a mob orator were regarded as redeeming qualities in the House of Commons. In process of time he may hope to get rid of any remnant of self-respect and refinement which may at present impair his success as a demagogue.

The agitation among Irish settlers in America excites but languid interest; for it matters little whether one of many would-be demagogues excels his competitors in the art of exciting their prejudices and passions. The reception of Mr. PARNELL by the real Americans will be watched with more genuine curiosity. When the Fenian conspiracy was in progress there was much cause for irritation in the countenance which the scheme received from a large part of the American people, and from the highest authorities. Some of the Fenian ringleaders were formally welcomed on the floor of the House of Representatives, and the adventurers who in open violation of the law of the United States invaded the Dominion of Canada were immediately released from custody by the President. The English Government afterwards submitted to an arbitrary distinction which was drawn in the Treaty of Washington between the notorious breach of neutrality in the Fenian invasion and the doubtful infringement of neutral rights by the escape of the *Alabama* from Liverpool. The prudent equanimity of the English nation under great provo-

cation has, perhaps, after the lapse of several years, been rewarded by an abatement of hostile feelings in the United States. Mr. PARNELL is now not welcomed with unanimous cordiality merely because he is an enemy of the English Government and Constitution. Some American journals have already denounced his mission; and perhaps their example may be followed. The presence of the most orthodox veteran of the Republican party at the Irish meeting in New York may perhaps be explained as the result of mere curiosity; and if other Republicans support Mr. PARNELL, it may be supposed that they hope to detach a few Irish votes from their Democratic opponents. Almost everything which is said and done by American politicians has some reference to elections; and consequently it may be assumed that, if Mr. PARNELL receives no popular welcome, there is nothing to be got by professing animosity to the Government of England or to the landowners of Ireland. As agricultural land in the United States is seldom charged with payment of rent, the subject will excite no serious interest. The better class of Americans can have no disposition to diminish the security of property; and they understand that Mr. PARNELL's doctrines involve the repudiation of other debts as well as of those which are due to landlords.

FRENCH MINISTERIAL PROSPECTS.

TWO quite opposite views may be taken of the new French Ministry, and very good reasons may be urged in justification of both of them. The one rests mainly on the declarations, not eighteen months old, of the PRIME MINISTER himself; the other rests on the circumstances in which he has succeeded to his present office. In the autumn of 1878 M. DE FREYCINET visited a number of important French towns and made speeches on behalf of the Government. For the time he was the most conspicuous figure in the French Cabinet, and it is allowable to suppose that he even then thought it possible that he might one day be its head. The drift of these speeches was perfectly uniform. They were all of a highly conciliatory type, and were mainly directed to show that there was nothing in the Republic that need frighten any Frenchman who was prepared honestly to submit to it. If there should prove to be anything more alarming, M. DE FREYCINET was ready to concede beforehand that it would be bad. The genuine Republic would address itself to patriotic men of all shades of opinion. It would win adherents by convincing them that, whatever might be their special views, they would enjoy them with greater freedom under a Republican than any other form of government. There could not be a time which more calls for the application of these principles than the present. The Republican Government has contrived during the last year to alienate two very important bodies in the country—the clergy and the Civil Service. With a little encouragement the secular priests might have been led on into setting up schools which might have held their own by the side of the schools taught by the religious orders; but the direct attack of which the latter have been the object has made it a point of honour with every parish priest to support them. The machinery of promotion would of itself secure the allegiance of the great majority of Government officials, and thus insensibly win over to Republican ideas a large number of Bonapartists and Royalists. But the singular policy of the Republican party has made it clear that the best card a Bonapartist or Royalist official can play is at once to resign on political grounds. In that case, he will at all events retain the goodwill of his party, and establish a claim on their services, if ever they have the opportunity of rendering any; whereas, if he tries to keep in with the existing Government, he will almost certainly fail to do so. All this is very unlike that policy of conciliation which M. DE FREYCINET preached in the provinces in 1878, and if we had only his speeches to go by, the natural conclusion would be that the principal measures introduced or promised by the late Cabinet would now be either withdrawn or modified.

The history of M. DE FREYCINET's succession to the Prime Ministership is in entire contradiction to this theory. In that he appears as the chief of the Radical section of the late Cabinet, dissatisfied with M. WADDINGTON's tendency to compromise, and for some time distrusted by M. GRÉVY on that very ground. According to

this view, M. DE FREYCINET's policy will differ from M. WADDINGTON's in being more frankly and consistently Radical. M. WADDINGTON has chastised the clergy and the bureaucracy with whips, M. DE FREYCINET will chastise them with scorpions. M. WADDINGTON has given promises to the Left, M. DE FREYCINET will translate those promises into performance. M. WADDINGTON has consented to the introduction of Radical measures, and then allowed them to remain suspended between the Chamber and the Senate. M. DE FREYCINET will force the majority in the Senate to choose its side and to be known to France as either the friend or the enemy of really Republican legislation. This expectation is certainly borne out by the incidents which preceded the announcement of the new Cabinet. It was understood that the cause of M. GRÉVY's hesitation about leaving M. DE FREYCINET entire freedom in the choice of his colleagues was his unwillingness to see any further advance in the direction of Radicalism. When this objection was overcome, M. DE FREYCINET's first act was to omit the Left Centre from the combination, and to make the Cabinet a genuine representative of the pure and advanced Lefts. M. GAMBETTA's influence was stated to have been used in favour of M. DE FREYCINET; and if M. GAMBETTA is to be judged by the *République Française*, he only tolerates M. DE FREYCINET on condition that he adopts a more radical line than his predecessor upon all the questions which have come or are likely to come before the Legislature. In another week it will probably be known which of these conflicting expectations is the correct one. Either way M. DE FREYCINET will find it a difficult task to reconcile his attitude in 1878 with his attitude in 1880. If he has really become the Radical politician he is accused of being, he must plainly have thrown overboard all ideas of conciliation. The purification of the Civil Service, the alteration of the tenure of judgeships, the expulsion of the religious orders from schools, are all measures which even those who regard them as indispensable to the welfare of the Republic must admit to be measures of warfare, not of pacification. It may be necessary to offend one half of French society in order to give the other half the security it needs; but it is impossible to deny that offence will be given. If, on the other hand, M. DE FREYCINET, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, remains the moderate and conciliatory politician he showed himself during his tour, it will be interesting to see how the pure and the advanced Left take the change. They can have no interest in turning out M. WADDINGTON in order to replace him by a stronger and more resolute man of the same aims and the same temperament. Ministers are to make a declaration of some kind when the Chambers meet next week, so that the uncertainty under which we now labour is in a fair way to be shortly removed.

M. DE FREYCINET has had to begin his career as Prime Minister by the settlement of a delicate piece of negotiation. An article which has lately appeared in the *Cologne Gazette* sets out with remarkable frankness the real motive of the attention which Germany bestows upon French affairs. There is reason to believe that the *Cologne Gazette* merely gives publicity to the views of Prince BISMARCK, and in that case we may infer from its remarks what kind of representations M. DE FREYCINET has had to make at Berlin. Germany, according to the *Cologne Gazette*, has a very real but a very limited interest in French politics. There is no French party in whose fortunes Prince BISMARCK takes the slightest interest for its own sake, and none in which he does not take a keen interest for the sake of Germany. The writer in the *Cologne Gazette* seems to find especial pleasure in informing French Royalists that, though the CHANCELLOR is an ardent monarchist in Prussia, he is altogether unconcerned with the prospects of monarchy in France. He has none of the spirit which actuated the Holy Alliance. A Jacobin President would suit his purpose better than the Count DE CHAMBORD himself, supposing that the Jacobin President was anxious to keep the peace and the Count DE CHAMBORD was inclined to break it. As regards France, breaking the peace has at this moment a peculiar meaning. It stands for a disposition to make an alliance with Russia. That would be a sin which Prince BISMARCK could not put up with. It could have no object but hostility to Germany, and a desire to undo the results of the late war; and the first moment that these feelings show themselves Prince BISMARCK will know how to deal with them. M. DE FREYCINET now carries a certificate from the German CHANCELLOR that

he has no evil designs in this direction. At first Prince BISMARCK was not quite easy on this head; but M. DE FREYCINET has been able to reassure him, and the relations between the two Governments remain perfectly cordial. Prince BISMARCK, whether he speaks by himself or by others, is seldom wanting in candour; and, whatever happens, the French Government cannot complain that they do not know what to avoid if they wish to retain Prince BISMARCK's goodwill. It is not pleasant for the Prime Minister of a Great Power to be admonished in this way in the face of all the world; but France may console herself by the recollection how much more bitter the experience would have been some years ago. Then France could not have defended herself to any purpose; now she has a large and enthusiastic army, which would at all events make the progress of an invader very much slower and more uncertain than it was in the autumn of 1870. The progress upward after a great reverse is necessarily gradual, and the change from interference in purely domestic matters to interference in the choice of foreign alliances marks a genuine advance in the estimation in which France is held by Germany.

AFGHANISTAN.

THE object of the mission of ABDERRAHMAN KHAN is probably to secure to his Russian patrons a share in the partition of Afghanistan. If he were formidable as a pretender to the whole of the former dominions of his family, he might perhaps rather diminish than aggravate the difficulties of the Indian Government. It had already been observed that the leader of the troops which lately occupied Cabul might possibly have done a service to his enemies in appointing the youthful son of YAKOUB KHAN as his nominal successor. As the war must sooner or later merge in negotiation, it will be in the highest degree convenient to recognize some representative of the Afghans with whom covenants may be made. Six months ago there seemed to be little dispute as to the title of YAKOUB KHAN, who accordingly concluded the ill-fated Treaty of Gundamak. His subsequent abdication created a new embarrassment; and the doubts which exist as to his complicity in the treacherous attack on the English Residency have perhaps made his restoration impossible. An arrangement made in the name of a minor, though it might be preferable to an indefinite continuance of the war, would be always subject to disavowal if the chiefs no longer found it for their interest to support his pretensions. A mature descendant of DOST MAHOMMED, not without experience of war and civil government, would be more acceptable as an opponent who might be converted into a friend. ABDERRAHMAN must differ widely from other Afghan chiefs, if his gratitude to the Russians, whose hospitality he has long enjoyed, would present an insuperable obstacle to the acknowledgment of his claims. If he could establish his authority over his own countrymen, he would probably choose his alliances with a dispassionate regard to his own interest; and the late campaign must have convinced all reasonable Afghans that the Indian Government is the most formidable of neighbours, and therefore the most desirable of friends. The release or ostensible escape of the Afghan pretender is not unconnected with the proposed expedition against Merv; but it may be doubted whether General KAUFMANN will find that a possible embarrassment to the Indian Government affects the resistance which may be offered by the Turcomans.

There is no reason to suppose that in Cabul or in the greater part of Afghanistan ABDERRAHMAN has any party on which he can rely. He never assumed the title of Ameer, though many years ago he was the principal supporter of his father and his uncle in their successful struggle with SHERE ALI. He was afterwards more than once defeated by YAKOUB KHAN, whose services were rewarded by an imprisonment which seems to have affected his bodily and mental vigour. The relation of the BARUCKZYE dynasty to the people of Afghanistan is but imperfectly understood. It is sometimes positively asserted that the family has no longer any hold on the loyalty of the population, and it would seem that at Candahar its members are really powerless. On the other hand, the circumstance that SHERE ALI and all his numerous competitors claimed under DOST MAHOMMED, would seem to indicate a general recognition of the title of the dynasty; and the recent nomination of the young MUSA KHAN tends to the same conclusion. In the stage of civilization which the Afghans

have reached, the supreme power is almost always at the same time hereditary and elective. The ablest or most popular member of the reigning family is preferred both to direct heirs and to claimants who rely exclusively on personal services or qualities. It is true that the BARUCKZYE family is of recent origin, but in Oriental countries legitimacy ripens fast. Forty years ago Lord PALMERSTON made a disastrous mistake in assuming that SHAH SOOJAH, who had himself actually reigned as Ameer, could exercise any influence over his former subjects. It is possible that the tribes which lately dispersed after the failure of the attack on Sherpur might rally round ABDERRAHMAN, if he presented himself as the national champion against the victorious invader; but he could scarcely hope to change the fortunes of the war, and it would not be safe for him either to admit his inability to face the enemy or to court fresh defeat.

On the whole, it seems probable that he will confine himself to the enterprise of establishing his authority at Balk and in Badakshan. He is well known in Afghan Turkestan, from which in the civil wars of fifteen years ago he drew the mass of his troops. He will now appear in the Northern provinces with all the advantage which may be derived from the direct or indirect support of the Russian Governor-General. His release or mission tends to confirm the suspicion that the Russian authorities had been engaged in intrigues with SHERE ALI at a time when it was believed that their Government had promised to refrain from political action in Afghanistan. It would evidently have been impolitic to allow ABDERRAHMAN to escape so long as it was thought expedient to conciliate the good will of SHERE ALI. It is said that ABDERRAHMAN assured General KAUFMANN that with 100,000 roubles he could raise an insurrection; but a reigning accomplice is more serviceable than an instrument who is only a pretender. As long as ABDERRAHMAN would have thwarted Russian policy by his presence in Afghanistan there was no difficulty in preventing his departure from Tashkend. Now that circumstances have changed, it is not surprising that he should have been allowed to visit Bokhara, and still less that he should have failed to return to the capital of Russian Turkestan. He will soon be heard of in some of the Northern provinces; and perhaps an opportunity will be offered of testing the soundness of one of the commonplace charges against the English Government. It has often been said that a wise Government would have allowed the Russians to take precedence as invaders of Afghan territory. The native population would then have been opposed to the intruders, and they would have welcomed English assistance. If ABDERRAHMAN presents himself at Balk as a dependent of Russia, he ought, according to the theory of the English Opposition, to provoke universal indignation.

There will be little use in diplomatic remonstrance. The Russian Government will perhaps express surprise, and even disappointment, at the evasion of ABDERRAHMAN; but it will decline responsibility for the future proceedings of a guest who could not be treated as a prisoner. Some recent visitors who have arrived at Tashkend since the repulse of the attack on Sherpur may perhaps also return shortly to Afghanistan. It is doubtful whether the Russian Government will avow the intention of interfering in the disturbances which may be anticipated in Afghan Turkestan. During the negotiations which were commenced by Lord CLARENDON and concluded by Lord GRANVILLE, Prince GORTCHAKOFF, after some hesitation, agreed that Badakshan should be included in those dominions of SHERE ALI within which Russia was to exercise no political action. The engagement was professedly revoked or suspended when it was thought probable that a rupture might take place between England and Russia. The Mission to Cabul was defended on this ground, and the justice of the Russian contention was not seriously disputed. When amicable relations were ostensibly renewed after the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin, Lord SALISBURY formally inquired whether the understanding relating to Afghanistan was still in force. After some exchange of explanations, Count SCHOUVALOFF declared that his Government was prepared to renew the arrangement; and Lord SALISBURY accepted the offer. There could be no doubt as to the sense attached by the English Government to the agreement; but, as in many other instances, the Russians had an unsuspected interpretation of their own. Professor MARTENS published two or three months ago a pamphlet, since largely circulated in

an English version, which probably represents the official explanation of the compact. The English Government, when the negotiation was in progress, desired, as at all other times, that Afghanistan should be independent, though they reserved the right which was withheld from Russia of controlling Afghan policy. The term "independence" was accordingly used; and now Professor MARTENS argues that any English violation of Afghan independence avoids the whole arrangement. In the correspondence Prince GORTCHAKOFF expressly stipulated that the English Government should prevent SHERE ALI from encroaching on the territory of the Northern Khanates, or, in other words, that they should treat him as a dependent. The English Ministers certainly never suspected the interpretation which is now put on the agreement; but they ought to have criticized the words with the astuteness of an old-fashioned special pleader bent on guarding against a possible demurrer. Professor MARTENS, by his own ingenuity or with the aid of official suggestions, has hit the blot which it is perhaps too late to prevent. It is said that Prince LOBANOFF, who is expected in London at the beginning of February, will bring with him conciliatory instructions. Lord DUFFERIN will not fail to exert his great abilities in favour, not only of peace, but of a friendly understanding; but in the meantime ABDERRAHMAN will perhaps organize a Russian dependency in Northern Afghanistan.

MR. GLADSTONE COMPLAINING OF MISREPRESENTATION.

MR. GLADSTONE has within the last few days contradicted the statements of two members of Parliament; in one case with ceremonious courtesy, in the other case without courtesy of any kind. Both speakers had, as it appeared, made themselves liable to a charge either of verbal inaccuracy or of inferences which, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, were founded on insufficient evidence. Mr. GRANTHAM complained that in one of his Scotch speeches Mr. GLADSTONE had attributed to the outrages of Fenian conspirators his own conversion to the opinion that the Irish Church ought to be disestablished. The statement was denounced by Mr. GLADSTONE in the strongest language, as not only untrue, but monstrous; yet the substance of Mr. GRANTHAM's charge is wholly unaffected by Mr. GLADSTONE's own report of his language. Many readers have been shocked at the reckless imprudence of an assertion by an ex-Prime Minister that a great legislative measure was the result of a murder and an explosion. The precise method by which the effect may have been produced is of secondary importance. Mr. GLADSTONE had not in fact said that his own convictions as to the expediency of disestablishment were produced by the Manchester and Clerkenwell crimes. He had himself, it seems, been previously willing to destroy the Establishment; and it was the country, and not himself, which responded to the Fenian invitation. Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment was only so far changed that he now regarded as practicable what he already deemed to be just. He was therefore indirectly convinced by the physical arguments which Mr. GRANTHAM had supposed to have operated more simply on his understanding. The impropriety of inviting criminals to rely on violence at a time when outrage was notoriously reviving in Ireland is in no degree modified by the correction of an inaccurate report.

The controversy between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BOURKE refers not to an alleged misquotation, but to a question of fact. Mr. BOURKE, in his speech at Leeds, spoke of Mr. GLADSTONE as having, in 1876, sent an emissary to St. Petersburg to translate his notorious pamphlet into Russian, for the purpose and with the result of prolonging the Servian war, of encouraging the enlistment of Russian volunteers in the Servian army, and of eventually promoting the greater war between Russia and Turkey. There can be no doubt that all these results followed from the publication of the Bulgarian pamphlet in Russia; but Mr. GLADSTONE denies that he sent an emissary to St. Petersburg, or that he took an active part in causing the translation to be made. His contradiction of that part of the statement must of course be accepted as far as it is direct and complete. But Mr. GLADSTONE admits that he gave his consent to the translation; and he probably knew at the time that the translator was about to proceed to Russia. The consent and the subsequent

journey might not perhaps strictly constitute a mission; but Mr. BOURKE had not unreasonably formed his conclusion from the publicly reported statement of Mr. ALEXANDER, the alleged emissary, himself. It would not be surprising if an obscure meddler with political agitation magnified the importance of his own position, and exaggerated the condescension shown in a single interview or letter into a relation of friendship. Mr. GLADSTONE says that he was not personally acquainted with Mr. ALEXANDER; but Mr. BOURKE had no previous reason for disbelieving the assertion attributed to that person by the Russian journals that he was a friend of Mr. GLADSTONE. The so-called emissary attended a meeting of the Slav Benevolent Society, which, as it was well known, was a political organization for furnishing recruits and supplies of money and stores to the Servian army. The visitor, being welcomed as a representative of English sympathy with Russian aggression, is reported to have acknowledged with due modesty his own unworthiness of the honour, except as the follower or shadow of the great statesman who was his friend. Mr. BOURKE could have no ground for supposing that the statement was untrue or the report incorrect. Mr. GLADSTONE's rebuke falls more heavily on his officious admirer than on the political opponent who assumed an uncontradicted statement to be true. If the inquiry into the dispute had been legally conducted, Mr. BOURKE would have secured the verdict. The acts of a person authorized for a limited purpose, who had exceeded his commission, would have made the principal responsible. An election judge would certainly have held that the translator, in attending the Russian meeting, was a recognized agent.

The letter which Mr. ALEXANDER has addressed to the *Daily News* amounts to an admission of Mr. BOURKE's material statements. Mr. GLADSTONE's letter had left Mr. ALEXANDER in the position, if not of an emissary, of a *bouc émissaire*, or scapegoat. His own explanation shows that the paragraphs quoted from the Russian papers are substantially accurate. Mr. ALEXANDER indeed is not acquainted with Russian, and therefore it may be presumed that he had not translated Mr. GLADSTONE's pamphlet. Having been allowed by his principal to act as an agent for the purpose of causing a translation to be made, he seems to have received credit among the Russian war faction for an imaginary confidence which had not in fact been reposed by Mr. GLADSTONE in a stranger. His ignorance of Russian scarcely explains his acquiescence in statements published in French. Mr. ALEXANDER does not deny that he spoke of his friendship for the statesman whom he was supposed to represent, although he thinks that his style has been corrected in the published version, and that things are put into his mouth which he did not say. Mr. ALEXANDER boasts that he spoke and wrote in Russia, though apparently not in Russian, on behalf of the cause which he describes as the liberation of the East. Mr. BOURKE had complained that an agent or emissary of Mr. GLADSTONE had done what Mr. ALEXANDER, who, though he objects to the term, was Mr. GLADSTONE's agent for a special purpose, actually did. Translations into French, German, or Italian, produced no political result, except to justify the opinion which prevails on the Continent as to Mr. GLADSTONE's policy. A Russian version, issued with the sanction of the author, was a direct appeal by himself to the Power which already meditated war in favour of armed intervention. It was allowable to suppose that the person who had been employed to circulate Mr. GLADSTONE's inflammatory address was also entitled to speak, as he is reported to have spoken, in his name.

In this instance, as in the matter of disestablishment, the indiscretion which was the real subject of the charge was undoubtedly committed. According to a rumour of the time, which seemed to be supported by credible evidence, the Emperor of Russia seriously resented the aid which Mr. GLADSTONE gave to the war party among his Ministers and his subjects. In assenting to the publication of the Russian translation Mr. GLADSTONE distinctly attempted to influence Russian opinion. He could not but know that the unprovoked attack of Servia on Turkey was stimulated by an active faction in Russia, and that a Russian army was gathering on the Turkish frontier. On more than one occasion he professed a belief in the disinterested benevolence of the Power which was hesitating on the verge of invasion. His purpose, as far as it could be inferred from the language of his enthusiastic followers, was to precipitate a doubtful war. About that time a

journal which is always devoted to his person and his policy expressed a hope that the war might be postponed for a few months, in order that the Russian clergy might have time to raise to the highest point the fanaticism of the people. In his last letter to Mr. BOURKE Mr. GLADSTONE expresses a whimsical surprise at the supposed inaccuracy of a Foreign Under-Secretary who has access to the best sources of information. The points immediately in dispute could scarcely be elucidated by official documents; but probably Mr. BOURKE may have better means than others of knowing the relation between the Bulgarian agitation of 1876 and the war of 1877. It is at least evident that he attributes a mischievous effect to Mr. GLADSTONE'S intervention.

It is perhaps reasonable that the most indiscreet of political speakers and writers should be eager to disclaim objectionable phrases which he has not literally uttered. Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet repudiated the most wanton and most dangerous proposition which he enunciated during his tour in Scotland. While Mr. PARNELL was urging excited Irish mobs not only to refuse payment of rent, but to insist on a transfer of the property of landlords to the occupiers, Mr. GLADSTONE took occasion to state that, if the creation of a class of peasant proprietors should be deemed expedient, Parliament might not only justly but laudably expropriate the actual owners on payment of compensation. Mr. PARNELL himself had from time to time contemptuously recognized the right of compensation, if only a fund could be discovered from which the payment might be made. Mr. GLADSTONE vindicated by anticipation a compulsory transfer, as soon as a majority in Parliament should be convinced that small freeholds would be socially or economically advantageous. It is highly probable that the theory would find favour with an English House of Commons elected by universal suffrage; and it is quite certain that an Irish Legislature under Home Rule would echo the wishes and opinions of small occupiers who wished to be owners. The assessment and payment of compensation would be more doubtful. In Midlothian Mr. GLADSTONE made expropriation contingent on the approval of a certain economical doctrine. He has since, in a published letter to an Irish correspondent, raised another objection which is still less likely to be final. He has not, he says in his curious style, yet found the element of practicability in any scheme which has been proposed for the expropriation of landlords with compensation. Mr. PARNELL and his followers will not be slow to prove that spoliation with a nominal equivalent in money is practicable; and Mr. GLADSTONE apparently assumes that it is just. In the same letter Mr. GLADSTONE expresses his intention of paying careful attention to any proposals for the improvement of the land law in Ireland. It had been thought, or at least it was said, that the Irish Land Act had included extreme remedies which could only be justified by the extreme urgency of the case.

ITALY AND THE PAPACY.

THE relations between the Vatican and the Italian Government have not materially altered since the occupation of Rome and the passing of the Law of Guarantees. Lapse of time has already given an air of finality to a deed regarded by the one party as robbery aggravated by sacrilege, and by the other as the just fulfilment of the national aspiration after unity. Since the capital of Italy has been fixed in Rome there has been a change of Kings and of Popes. The Conclave was held with as much freedom as ever. The new KING ascended the throne without challenge. It might be thought that the time has come to shake hands, and let bygones be bygones. It seems useless for the Vatican to hope to see the work undone which had been so long prepared by a concurrence of very various causes, and foolish to prefer the precarious offerings of the Roman Catholic world to the subsidy from the Italian Government which only awaits the POPE'S acceptance. But still the two parties draw no nearer to one another. The POPE has not yet quitted the precincts of the Vatican. Not a penny has been accepted by him from the national exchequer. Only in certain exceptional cases have the Clericals taken any open part in public life. No sort of official recognition has been given by the Vatican to the new order of things. One wonders whether all this is merely a decent show kept up for the sake of consistency

and to impose on the outside world, or whether the hope is really entertained at the Vatican that the Temporal Power will be restored. By a large section of Roman Catholics it is; and nearly all Roman Catholics out of Italy would like to see it even if they do not think it feasible. But there is a wide difference between what the ardent Roman Catholic in England or Belgium would do, and what commends itself to the more dispassionate statesmanship of the Vatican. Still the question remains an open one; and, though not dangerous to Italy at the present moment, it might become so in consequence of changes either in the general situation of Europe or in the internal condition of Italy itself.

Signor JACINI, the well-known Italian senator and political writer, devotes a part of his last interesting work (*I Conservatori e l'Evoluzione Naturale dei Partiti Politici in Italia*) to a consideration of the possible methods of solving the difficulty. The book gives a general survey of Italian politics; but the chief interest of it for the foreign reader lies in the treatment of the international problem which so strangely interweaves the fate of Italy with that of other countries. The head of the Catholic Church has now for three centuries and a half been always an Italian; his seat is in the capital of the Italian kingdom; the predominant element in the College of Cardinals is Italian; and yet Italians form only a small part, and that probably the most indifferent part on matters of religion, of the whole body of Roman Catholics throughout the world. The Catholic Church, which has been so often the enemy of Italy, is a standing evidence of Italian genius. In one way, which has not been enough considered, it has done without malice prepossession as much harm to the country as it ever did purposely. It has absorbed a large part of the talent, especially of the political talent, which Italy produces. To work, to guide, and to develop an organization so vast, so complicated, and so many-sided, demands a skill a little greater than that required to become a conspicuous figure in the Chamber of Deputies. A Cardinal is a greater personage than a Minister, and an ambitious man, if the two paths were equally open to him, would rather rise to eminence in the Church than in the State. One cause of the anæmic condition of Italian politics is certainly that the Church drains off a great part of the talent, ambition, and energy which in a normal condition of affairs would be employed in the service of the State. Were they in Italy, Mr. GLADSTONE would probably be Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, and Lord BEACONSFIELD Pope. He would sit in state with the triple crown on his head, and he would dispense the apostolic blessing *urbi et orbi*. It is more than a coincidence that the Italianization of the Papacy was synchronous with the political ruin of Italy in the sixteenth century; that, until the movement which led to the formation of the kingdom of Italy, the country lay from that time forward in a state of political paralysis; and that, now that Italy is united and the exceptional stimulus of the new principle of nationality relaxed, the country shows ominous signs of relapsing into political inertia. The international organism is fed at the expense of the national. It is thus among Italians themselves that the ranks of the most formidable enemy of Italy are recruited. And whatever arrangements may be made in course of time between the Vatican and the Italian Government, it is hard to see how, except by the breaking up of the universal Church into a number of separate national Churches, this source of weakness to Italy can be greatly diminished.

These speculations, however, carry us further into the future than the practical exigencies of the moment require. No great fundamental change in the attitude of the Catholic Church is to be looked for yet. The question for Italy is to find out the way in which the temporal and spiritual Governments, as they are, can get on side by side with least friction. One would think that the present arrangement, provisional as it certainly is, worked well enough, and that the Italian Government, having guaranteed to the POPE the free exercise of his spiritual functions, and offered him a handsome allowance into the bargain, had done all that was required of it, and might wait in patience till the Vatican thinks proper to take the initiative in further transactions. Signor JACINI, however, thinks the present situation not free from danger. At the time of the occupation of Rome by the national forces in September 1870, none of the Great Powers were disposed to challenge the

action of the Italian Government. England, Germany, and Russia were indifferent or friendly; France was paralysed; Austria was kept quiet by Russia; Spain had got rid of Queen ISABELLA. Now, too, there is no Power in Europe inclined to put even diplomatic pressure on the Italian Government for the sake of the POPE. If it were not for the wretched *Italia Irredenta* business, it might be said that no Power enjoyed such universal goodwill as Italy. But, had the Legitimist monarchy been restored in France, or even were the Empire to be set up again, complications with Italy on the score of the Papacy would be by no means impossible. And there is no guarantee that the present state of Europe is going to last. A general war, out of which the Great Powers may come with their frontiers and their relative importance wholly altered, is not only possible, but may begin at almost any moment. Further, the break-up of old beliefs and traditions, which has made great way in all countries, and which has undermined society in some, may bring about in Europe a deluge of anarchy in which the Church will seem to be the one ark of refuge. These are no chimerical dangers; they are real and at our doors. Considering, then, all the chances of the future, is it not wise, asks Signor JACINI, for the Italian Government to come to a definite agreement with the Vatican, and to embody this agreement in an international document, which would receive the formal sanction of all the Great Powers?

No doubt the Catholic Church is a vast power in the world, and no prudent statesman will wantonly provoke it; but it appears to us, as it appears to the majority of Italians, that no dangers from the side of the Vatican would be comparable to the danger, to say nothing of the humiliation, of giving other Powers, however indirectly, the right to interfere in Italian affairs. In Signor JACINI'S proposed treaty or document there would be two chief articles—one guaranteeing the freedom and inviolability of the Head of the Church, and the other settling in perpetuity on the Papacy a capitalized property, the annual revenue of which would be equal to the sum now offered by the Italian Government but refused by the POPE. But it is hard to see what substantial good the sanction of other Powers would do Italy in making any such arrangement. Treaties with many signatures at the end of them are broken nowadays with the same unscrupulous freedom as treaties with few signatures. If it suited the purpose of a reactionary Government to pick a quarrel with Italy, no treaty could be so framed as to hinder it from doing so. Further, though a great increase of the influence of the Church in Europe is very possible in the immediate future, the contrary is also possible. The same disintegrating or transforming forces which are at work in the Protestant Churches must sooner or later operate on the Church of Rome. The when and the how can hardly even be guessed at; but it is not impossible that the time may be nearer than it seems. And in the worst case, even if the Papacy should grow much stronger than it is, Italians are better suited than all other nations to deal with it. It is their business more than anybody else's. The POPE is an Italian living on Italian soil, and claiming the right to frustrate Italian unity. Long and intimate experience has given the Italian people a tact, a sureness, and a skill in dealing with the Papacy possessed by no other nation. It is a matter on which they have little to learn from foreigners and a great deal to teach them. By inviting other Powers to take part in an international agreement regulating the status of the POPE, Italy would give all these Powers the right to watch over the fulfilment of every clause in the treaty, and to bar the way to any of the changes which from time to time would certainly become desirable. She would tempt other countries to assume an air of tutelage and interference which would breed more bad blood than any such treaty could possibly remove. She would transfer the management of a most delicate work from one Government to several, from skilled to comparatively untrained hands. She would tend to stereotype a policy in a matter where the utmost freedom of future action is indispensable. And she would get in exchange a guarantee illusory in an age when treaties are broken with cynical nonchalance whenever it suits the strong to violate them. Italian unity exists by the right which every nation has to belong to itself, and by the fact that Italians are prepared to defend it against all assailants. All the forces of the future are in its favour. For Italy to ask other nations to help her in

doing her own historic work would be to proclaim a fatal want of self-reliance. For these reasons Signor JACINI'S proposal seems one that cannot for a moment be entertained, though his most suggestive little book can be recommended to all persons interested in the subject of which it treats.

LORD DERBY AT HUDDERSFIELD.

LORD DERBY'S address to the Huddersfield Chamber of Commerce on Thursday was marked by all his characteristic merits and by some of his characteristic defects. His review of the state and prospects of English trade was excellent; and as Lord DERBY is not by nature an optimist, it is pleasant to find that the conclusion at which he arrives is in favour of this country. Upon each of the three points which he selects as most important to have clear ideas about, he holds that things look less black than it has of late been customary to paint them. Whether we are richer or poorer than we were three years ago, there is no doubt that we are richer than we were ten years ago. The national income is larger, the national savings are larger, the national consumption is larger. And then, as Lord DERBY is careful to warn us, too much trust must not be placed in the figures which show either the profits in years of prosperity or the losses in years of adversity. It is the gain or loss of the producer that determines statistical returns, because this affects income. The gain or loss of the consumer only affects expenditure, and consequently does not appear in the returns, or only appears indirectly. Remembering this, we may deduct from the apparent depression of the last two or three years and from the apparent prosperity of seven years ago. "We were not as rich as we thought ourselves in 1873, and we are not as poor as we are apt to think ourselves now." One reason probably why the real position of the country varies less than its apparent position is that in all estimates bearing on this subject a disproportionate place is given to foreign trade. Important as the profits derived from that trade are, they only constitute one-seventh of the total income of the community; and, in presence of this fact, Lord DERBY rightly questions whether we are justified in speaking as though the industrial life or death of the nation depended on the keeping up of its exports. There has been exaggeration, too, as regards the falling off of our foreign trade. Lord DERBY contends that what has been described as a falling off is really only a check. "We produce as much as ever we did, only we have had to sell what we produce rather cheaper." He admits that American competition is not to be lightly spoken of; but he points out that the counter attractions of land-owning and farming must exercise very great influence on the labour market of the United States. Where the choice lies before them, men will commonly prefer being masters on their own farms to being workmen in some one else's mill. Even putting this aside, Lord DERBY thinks that the world is large enough for both England and America, and that the two countries will find there is an ample market for the productions and the manufactures of both. Whether Lord DERBY makes sufficient allowance for the closing of the American market against English goods, which, even without protective tariffs, can be hardly more than a question of time, is perhaps doubtful. As regards Continental competition he has no fear. The Continent has not the advantages which England has, and it has a disadvantage which England has not. It has not cheap coal, or cheap iron, or accumulated capital, or unlimited mechanical appliances, or a never-failing supply of trained workmen. It has the enormous drawback of the conscription, and wherever there is a conscription labour is not free. Lord DERBY weakens the force of his argument here by the exaggerated language in which he describes the military systems of the Continent. When he says that militarism cannot coexist with industry on a great scale, he may perhaps be right, though even here the example of France seems to tell the other way. Ever since 1870 France has had a conscription of great severity. She has set the German army before her as an example, and she is doing all she can to come up to her model. Yet the description Lord DERBY gives of the

population with which alone a conscription is possible hardly seems to apply to the French nation. "Do you think," he asked the Huddersfield Chamber of Commerce, "that emperors and grand-dukes and archdukes, field-marshal, and tremendous personages of that sort, really want the manufacturing interests of their empire to be developed? Do you suppose it would suit them to have to do with an intelligent, keen-witted, critical, and well-to-do population such as our Northern towns in England contain? Depend upon it, they are not such fools. They know their own business better. What they want is something quite different—a peasantry hungry enough at home to find the ordinary life of a private soldier rather agreeable than otherwise, and submissive enough to be ready to shoot their own brothers, if ordered, without asking why." This may be a substantially correct description of the wishes of the tremendous personages in question, but it is not, in all cases, a correct description of the material they have to work with. It will certainly not be to our advantage to assume that so long as the present military system of the Continent subsists we shall have neither intelligence nor keen wits to compete with abroad. Lord DERBY cannot have forgotten all that has so often and so justly been said in praise of French and German intelligence. It was in virtue of this quality that Germany was enabled to inflict so tremendous a defeat upon France. It is in virtue of this quality that France has been able to recover from that defeat with such extraordinary completeness and rapidity. There is nothing gained by underrating our commercial rivals. Those who do it are sure to be undeceived in the end; but they may not then be able to recover the ground which they have lost. The truth is that Lord DERBY's just dislike to militaryism leads him to exaggerate its faults, or rather to see faults which it has not, as well as faults which it has. The conscription is an immense evil from many points of view, but it does not at present appear to exert that degrading and stagnating influence on those who are subject to it which Lord DERBY seems to attribute to it. Something of the same temper may be seen in the warning he gives his countrymen. If England, he says, is going into "the gunpowder and glory business," she may be successful, but she will certainly be poor. She was successful in 1815; but at no time in history were the English people "so poor, so miserable, and so dissatisfied as they were in the fifteen or twenty years that followed Waterloo." This is true, though it is another question how much of this poverty was owing to bad government, which had no necessary connexion with the war that had preceded it. But Lord DERBY cannot mean to imply that the English people would have been better off in the long run if they had left NAPOLEON to build up his Empire unmolested. Lord DERBY recognizes "duty and self-defence" as legitimate reasons for military adventure; and whatever may be said against English policy in the revolutionary war, it cannot possibly be contended that we opposed NAPOLEON on grounds which did not, to say the least, include duty and self-defence. There is nothing in Lord DERBY's words that is not true, but there is something in the collocation of them that is likely to be misleading.

Lord DERBY's remarks on Protection in the colonies are full of good sense, though we think that he is a little inclined to forget how many things influence human action over and above regard for material gain. He holds that when each separate interest finds that it can secure protection for itself only at the cost of paying for the protection afforded to every other interest, each separate interest will soon get tired of the game. That is true, no doubt, in the long run; but the run may be a very long one indeed. Not only is each separate interest very much more alive to its gains than to its losses, but there grows up a kind of patriotic pride in the contemplation of the numerous industries existing in the colony in place perhaps of the single industry which would have existed there in the absence of protective duties. Nothing, however, can be truer than Lord DERBY's reminder that, if we wish the colonies to abandon Protection, we must be careful on the one side not to attempt to thrust Free-trade down their throats, and on the other not to express speculative doubts as to our own wisdom in adopting it. "Every casual word of regret which is given to the abandonment of protective duties among ourselves does harm outside England. If we seem to hesitate, how shall we convert those that are wavering?" Considering the part which

low prices have played in enabling us to get through the recent period of depression, it is extraordinary that any one who is not a farmer should be found still hankering after dear goods.

HOUSES AND OWNERS.

THE letter from the Home Office which was laid before the Metropolitan Board of Works last week gives ample evidence of the pains and thought which Mr. CROSS has uniformly given to questions relating to the dwellings of the working classes. We have so often had occasion to differ from Mr. CROSS as to the practical value of his measures that it is at once a pleasure and a duty to bear testimony to the zealous care displayed in their preparation and execution. There is something almost melancholy in the minute attention which is paid in this letter to an inquiry whether some 1,600 people can be accommodated on a particular site supposing that it is dealt with as the Metropolitan Board proposes. These 1,600 people are not even an appreciable fraction of those who are at present condemned to live in houses which no care of theirs can make wholesome. Their condition differs from that of hundreds of thousands of their fellows in nothing but this—that by an accident their case comes within the purview of an Act of Parliament. In all parts of London where the poor live there are vast numbers not a bit better off in the matter of houses than they. These vast numbers could be much more easily dealt with than the exceptional groups to which the Artisans' Dwellings Act refers. There would be no sites to be cleared, and no new streets to be laid out. All that is needed to effect the necessary improvement is a sufficiently stringent Nuisance Act. Unfortunately, Mr. CROSS's mind has only been given to the exceptional cases. It is only the houses which no internal amendment could make fit for human habitation that seem to interest him. By comparison there are but few houses in so hopeless a condition; but this does not prevent the great majority of similar houses from being, for the time, equally ill suited to their professed purpose. If there are no adequate means of compelling the owner to see that the gas from the sewers does not go straight into the rooms in which the inmates live and sleep, a house which stands alone may be as unhealthy as one which stands at the end of a crowded court. Mr. CROSS has put the cart before the horse. Instead of prescribing a standard of habitableness below which no house should be suffered to fall, and then pulling down the houses which no amount of individual improving could make habitable, he has only dealt with the latter. It is a pity that when he had made up his mind to take hold of the subject at all he should have contented himself with touching only the fringe of it.

Considering the very heavy loss that has been inflicted on the Metropolitan ratepayer by the construction of the Artisans' Dwellings Act of 1875, Mr. CROSS's letter takes the money question a little too easily. It is true that Mr. LIDDELL is instructed to express Mr. CROSS's sense of the great difficulties the Board must experience in carrying out the Act. But the greatest difficulty of all is the cost; and a large part of the cost hitherto incurred has been incurred by reason of the false basis of valuation originally adopted. The Metropolitan Board complain, with great justice, that, down to August last, they were generally "required to pay for the worst class of property almost as much as if there were no sanitary necessity for its destruction." The arbitrator simply considered the actual value of the property to the owner, and made no allowance for the fact that the owner only obtained this value by omitting to make the houses fit for human habitation. On the principle of the Artisans' Dwellings Act, a butcher whose meat had been condemned as unwholesome might claim to be compensated for its destruction on the assumption that it was all cut from prime cattle. The consequence was that upon six sites out of thirty the ratepayers lost 643,461*l.* The sum actually paid for these sites was 734,766*l.*, and the offer of the PEABODY Trustees, which under pressure from the Home Office was ultimately accepted, was only 91,305*l.* This shows the difference between the value of these sites when inhabited under wholesome conditions and their value when inhabited

under the conditions in which they were inhabited at the time when the Board purchased the ground. Upon whom ought this loss to fall? Clearly upon the owners, who have for years been making a nefarious profit out of houses which they ought long ago either to have closed or put into decent order. Under the Amending Act of 1879 it will fall on them for the future; but for the four years during which the Act was in operation previously to 1879, it fell upon the metropolitan ratepayers. Even now there is nothing to prevent the owners of property which has already been formally condemned from spending money on the buildings about to be removed, and claiming to have this useless outlay included in the valuation. Mr. CROSS, even now that he has seen the working of his measure, seems afraid to deal justly by a class of house-owners who, if they had got their deserts, would long ago have been given the choice between putting their property in habitable order and handing it over to those who would do so.

It is high time that the Government should come to some effectual determination whether the dwellings of the working classes are or are not a proper subject for legislation. There is much, no doubt, to be said against the principle of such legislation. It may be argued with considerable force that there is no reason why the State should interfere for the better housing of one section of the community more than for that of another. There are many badly drained and badly ventilated houses inhabited by the middle and upper classes, and as to these Parliament is content to leave the occupants to look after themselves. Why should it follow a different rule in the case of houses inhabited by the poor? The answer to this objection is, first, that within certain limits Parliament does now interfere on behalf of the community generally. The legislation we have suggested would introduce no principle which is not already recognized in the Statute-book. What is the object of the existing Building Acts if not to come between the buyer and the seller of houses? Why should not a builder be allowed to run up walls as thin and as high as he likes? Why is he made to take certain precautions against fire? It is the interest of the people who will take his houses to see to these things for themselves, and why should Parliament trouble itself to see to them on their behalf? The reason of course is that Parliament can look to these things far more effectually than the man who buys or hires a house. A public officer can inspect a house while it is building, and can ensure that it shall not be finished if the work is unduly scamped. An intending tenant probably does not see the house until the walls and ceilings are plastered, and perhaps papered, and he has no means of going beneath the whitened or coloured surface that meets his eye. Parliament is not invading the tenant's function when it undertakes to do for him what he cannot do for himself. The things which make a house wholesome come under the same principle as the things which make it safe. It would be perfectly possible to ensure that no house should be sold or let until a public officer had certified that it was properly drained and provided with a certain minimum of sanitary appliances. At all events, the multiplication of unwholesome houses might be prevented, instead of, as now, leaving it to go on absolutely without check. The second answer is that, even if Parliament did not interfere on behalf of the community generally, there are special reasons why it should interfere on behalf of the working class. They are much more helpless in this matter than the classes above them. They are less free to move about in search of lodging, and more forced by circumstances to take whatever rooms they can get. The precautions which the Building Acts have made compulsory are mostly directed to the prevention of accidents. But disease does far more mischief in the long run than accident; and, as regards a large class of diseases, it can be guarded against quite as easily and as surely as accident. But, if this end is to be attained, some rational, because comprehensive, method of dealing with the question must be adopted. To pull down at great cost an unwholesome street, when hundreds of houses not a bit better are left standing all around it, and hundreds more with precisely the same faults in them are being built every day, is neither comprehensive nor rational.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT BIRMINGHAM.

IT is perhaps unkind, if not altogether unreasonable, to expect that political speakers when they speak shall say something novel in matter, or at least in manner. However much or however little reason there may be about the expectation, there can be little question that it is generally disappointed, and never more often than in the speeches of the present Opposition. They have given themselves the word of command to attack the Government on certain vague and general grounds, and to this word of command they are strictly, if not profitably, obedient. In speaking at Birmingham on Thursday night Mr. CHAMBERLAIN observed that, in the coming struggle, "no man could shield his responsibility under the plea that he had not information enough whereon to base his decision." We shall not question this as a general statement. But, if it be so, the information is certainly not derived from the public utterances of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself and his political friends. The audience on Thursday night were indeed told, as innumerable audiences have been told before, that Parliament had ceased to represent the nation, that the foreign policy of the Government was a disastrous failure, that the Afghan and Zulu wars were very dreadful things for a Christian nation to be engaged in, that Ministers had lowered public morality, and that there was going to be a tremendous Liberal majority at the next election. Whether in consequence of the general lowering of public morality or not, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does not seem to have explained. But we have heard all this very often before, and it has failed to carry conviction for very obvious reasons. Even supposing—an exceedingly large supposition—that most of these separate statements were incontrovertible, they would not make out the position which those who advance them wish to make out—the position that England can be rescued from danger and degradation by the simple process of driving Lord BEACONSFIELD out and putting the uncertain entity, which may be Mr. GLADSTONE and which may be Lord HARTINGTON, in. For the main objection, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN must perfectly well know, which is entertained at the present moment, we believe by the vast majority of thinking people, to the latter proceeding, is that it would hand over the country and its concerns to persons whose own declarations have proved them incompetent to conduct those concerns. Grant—for the sake of argument—that the present Government have not managed the foreign policy of the country as well as they might have done, the difficulty remains that the last Government showed themselves unable, if they did not actually refuse, to manage it at all.

It was somewhat remarkable that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who is not generally deficient in boldness, shrank on this occasion from announcing, as Mr. GLADSTONE has announced, that England had better have no foreign policy whatever. We hear nothing in the Birmingham speech of the smallness of this island, of its littleness as compared with the great nations of the Continent, and so forth. And, indeed, it is probable that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was wise in avoiding such a style of argument. For even in Birmingham, and among Birmingham Radicals, there is probably a very large number of persons whose ears would be by no means tickled by oratory of this kind. Birmingham is not accustomed to think lightly of itself, and there must be some men in Birmingham who see that, if England is to be slighted, Birmingham can hardly be magnified. Hence Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was thrown, even more than most Opposition speakers, into a course of general accusation and desultory reviling. His point of view for the nonce was that England is not a small, unimportant island, but a great and independent Power; and he professed to fear that her greatness and independence are menaced by the policy of the Government. There is perhaps something rather attractive in this argument, which would seem to infer that the greatness and independence of a nation are best assured by letting other Powers do exactly as they like. But it is hardly surprising that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was only occasionally able to gain this Pisan height of paradox. For the most part he confined himself to well-worn assertions, many of which could only be met with direct contradictions, while others were partly true, but not relevant to his argument. When a politician of influence, if not of great personal weight, talks of the present Parliament as being "the least independent since the days of WALPOLE," it is difficult to meet him on his own ground, or on any

ground where the weapons of polite controversy are used. That a Parliament which was elected by household suffrage and the Ballot, and which has had new blood to the extent of some twenty or five-and-twenty per cent. infused at by-elections from time to time, should be said not to represent the nation, is absurd enough. That it should be compared to a Parliament of nominees and borough-mongers, managed by perpetual and systematic bribery, is perhaps something more or less than absurd. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN pays his constituents one or both of two very bad compliments. The one is the supposition that they know nothing of English history, the other the assumption that they will think any stick is good enough to beat the present Government. A still better instance of the temper in which his observations were made was to be found in his reference to the approaching election. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, like others of his party, politely informs the Government that it dares not consult the nation. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, unlike others of his party who have more of the wisdom of the serpent, ingenuously confesses that only eighteen months ago he was desperately afraid that the Government would dare to consult the nation. In other words, if a Ministry chooses its own time to go to the country it is wrong, and if it lets a Parliament run its natural course it is wrong likewise. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is certainly a difficult person to please. He was, however, in this very speech good enough to indicate a way out of the difficulty. Parliament, he complained, was not elected upon the issues which it now has to decide. Of course it is clear what this means. It means—logically, at least—a series of *plébiscites*; an Imperialist device which we are surprised to find Mr. CHAMBERLAIN approving, if only by implication. Even the panacea of annual Parliaments would not meet the views of politicians of this kind. For between January and December there might always arise new issues, and with the new issues a new Parliament would be requisite. Indeed, it is not clear why a new Parliament should not be elected before every battle which is fought during a war, lest the course taken should unhappily cease to represent the national will. It is not often that political arguments can be so easily and glaringly reduced to the absurd.

The truth is, however, that this speech, which was not specially violent or paradoxical, is for that reason an excellent instance of the hopeless unreason which pervades, for the most part, the contentions of the present Opposition. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at any rate as represented by his reporters, is like NARCISSA "tolerably mild." He does not say in his haste that all Tory Ministers are *ipso facto* liars, and though he insinuates that Sir BARTLE FRERE would have been left in the lurch if he had entirely failed, he does not, as was done the other day, assert that he was sent out with instructions expressly calculated to that end. We stand half astonished at his moderation. But, after all, his attitude is exactly the same as the attitude—we shall not say of the official leaders of his party—but as that of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGGS, and, it must now be added, Mr. ADAM, a person whose position might, one would have thought, have made him more cautious. An ingenious and agreeable writer, some years ago, depicted this attitude well in a pleasing apologue of the dog and the badger. "I 'don't like you,' says the dog to the badger; 'come out 'of that earth.'" When the arguments of the extremer Radical speakers are reduced to their simplest terms, this is exactly what they come to:—"I don't like you; come 'out of that Downing Street.'" The embellishments of "wickedness," "lying," "immorality," and all the rest of it which accompany this expression of opinion, are well represented by the barks of the terrier. Of course there is a good deal of this in all political warfare, and there are occasions when it does not very much matter. The present occasion, however, is hardly one of these. A contest where the compound householder is at stake, or where the point of the quarrel is the insertion or omission of this or that tax in the Budget, may be conducted in this spirit without much harm to anybody. But this is not the case here. The point mainly at issue is whether the foreign policy of England is to proceed on the lines which have made England great, or on entirely new lines which start from the assumption that she is small and little, and which lead round with unerring precision to the result of making her so. Some months ago, it may be remembered, the more sober and responsible members of the Opposition admitted that, if they succeeded to power, they could not dream of reversing

entirely, or breaking utterly with, their predecessors' policy. It is not insignificant that, since this admission, a clamour has been raised for the restoration of Mr. GLADSTONE, who is pledged to exchange the foreign policy of the lion for the foreign policy of the ostrich. The happy flexibility of the logic of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S most recent utterance forbids us to say which side he ought consistently to take in the controversy. But there cannot be much doubt on which side he would practically be found.

THE GREAT EDISON SCARE.

WHAT a happy man Mr. Edison must be! Three times within the short space of eighteen months he has had the glory of finally and triumphantly solving a problem of world-wide interest. It is true that each time the problem has been the same, and that it comes up again after each solution, fresh, smiling, and unsolved, ready to receive its next death-blow. But this peculiarity of his triumphs, though interesting from a practical point of view, is doubtless of too trifling a character to damp the joy of victory in Mr. Edison's own mind, since it appears in no degree to interfere with the plaudits with which his followers hail each fresh achievement—or, as we should rather say, bulletin—from Menlo Park. And thus not only is Mr. Edison to be congratulated on the happy past, but his friends may look forward to a long and equally happy future, crowned at periodical intervals by similar dazzling and final triumphs; for, if he continues to observe the same strict economy of practical results which has hitherto characterized his efforts in electric lighting, there is no reason why he should not for the next twenty years completely solve the problem of the electric light twice a year without in any way interfering with its interest or novelty.

But all this, we are told, is altered now. We are given to understand, by accounts from headquarters, that this time Mr. Edison really has done it, and descriptions of the perfection and economy of the light are showered upon us which quite take away one's breath. That the light itself is all that its inventor could by any possibility desire will not surprise any one who has had experience with inventors; but it does startle us to be told that its cost will be only one-fortieth that of gas. In the face of such definite assertions incredulity would seem to be a crime, and it would appear to be the duty of all Gas Directors to make forward contracts to deliver old iron in view of the immediate future when gas will be spoken of as a thing of the past. Curiosity, however, is such a persistent trait of the human mind that one cannot repress a desire to know the exact details of this all-transforming discovery and to form one's own opinion of the sources of its transcendent merits. Fortunately the veil of mystery that has so long hung over the doings of Mr. Edison's laboratory has at last been drawn aside, and we are in full possession of the magic secret. It does not sound very wonderful after all. There is nothing new in the lamp. It is an ordinary incandescent lamp with a slip of carbon as the substance to give forth the light. The sole secret is that Mr. Edison makes the carbon out of burnt paper.

The discovery bears strong marks of Mr. Edison's handiwork. Like all the other so-called discoveries of his in connexion with electric lighting (with one exception, of which we will speak presently), it is wholly without novelty, unless there be some unimportant details in the particular form of the connexions and regulating mechanism, in which he has chosen to exhibit that ingenuity which he undoubtedly possesses, but which could have been as well arranged in a thousand other ways. The idea of a lamp consisting of a piece of carbon placed in a vacuum and rendered incandescent by the passage through it of a strong galvanic current is at least as old as 1845, when it was patented by King, and similar devices have since been continually proposed and employed by others. Experience, however, taught inventors (as it will probably teach Mr. Edison when he has a little more acquaintance with the subject) that a vacuum is a very awkward thing to deal with, and that much more satisfactory results could be obtained by placing the carbon in a non-combustible gas, such as nitrogen or carbonic acid. Accordingly recent lamps in which incandescent carbon has been used have generally been of that type. Such was the Sawyer and Mann lamp which excited so much attention in New York some twelve months ago, and which consisted of a thin rod of carbon in a receiver full of nitrogen. Of late we have heard nothing of this lamp, and we very much fear that it is another instance of the fatal gulf between theory and practice, and that its disappearance from public view is due to the existence of some practical difficulties in the application of what seemed to be an ingenious idea. Other lamps are upon similar principles; the most successful one, so far as we can judge by report, is a French one, in which there are three small carbon rods in a closed receiver, the oxygen of which is consumed by the combustion of one of the rods, leaving the atmosphere in the receiver incombustible during the incandescence of the other two. Nor is there any more originality in the idea of procuring the carbon for such lamps from burnt paper or cardboard. That such carbon was very suitable for producing light by incandescence has long been known to electricians. Mr. Swan used it fifteen years ago for an electric lamp on the incandescent principle, and, curiously enough, used it in the shape of a horseshoe, exactly as Mr. Edison is now using it; so that there

must be something more than a resemblance between the two lamps, seeing that the carbon and the enclosing glass vessel (which may be of any shape) constitute the whole of the lamp proper. The use of this carbon was given up because of its want of durability—a difficulty which, however, Mr. Swan says that he has now got over; and it seems to be tolerably evident from Mr. Edison's own account that he has done little or nothing to remedy this defect, of which he is probably not fully aware. At any rate, it is clear that the carbons he uses are fragile in the extreme, for he says that they must be taken out of the mould with the greatest care, to prevent their falling to pieces.

The general result, therefore, is that Mr. Edison leaves the subject of the electric light precisely where he found it, so far as discovery is concerned. He has added nothing to our knowledge. The next thing to consider is, whether or not his lamp performs the practical service claimed; whether, in short, the method he adopts—by whomsoever invented—will in fact accomplish what is alleged of it. Considered in themselves, there can be no doubt that the tales that have come over to us about Mr. Edison's new discovery are in the highest degree improbable. The use of incandescence as a means of procuring light from electricity, without breaking the continuity of the circuit, has been known from nearly the beginning of the century, and all its advantages and disadvantages have been thoroughly studied. The result has always been to show that it is a very wasteful method of using the electric current when compared with the electric arc or the broken circuits of such lamps as the Regnier and Werdermann, which hold an intermediate position between the two classes. It possesses great advantages, which are obvious at first sight; but so great is the disadvantage of which we have spoken, that its use has been very limited, except for special purposes, as, for example, the little medical lamps for illuminating the cavities of the body to facilitate diagnosis. That this principle should turn out to be the enormous commercial success that Mr. Edison's lamp is represented to be, is in the highest degree unlikely, seeing that, as we have said, his lamp differs but slightly, if at all, from lamps previously known. Nor do the accounts themselves that have reached us tend to reassure us much. They show clearly that this lamp is more fragile and more difficult to handle than any of its competitors. They do not give us the least reason to think that it has any elements of success in it other than the bright character of the incandescence of carbon made from paper; and as such carbon cannot materially differ in its qualities from other kinds, and is even more liable to be heterogeneous and uncertain, this small advantage seems to be a very slight matter to build such high hopes upon. They do not suggest any way of getting over the difficulty which is met with in lamps constructed on this principle, of keeping the glass from getting dulled by particles of carbon coming off from the incandescent mass within it—a difficulty which would be peculiarly fatal to a vacuum lamp like Mr. Edison's which cannot be cleaned on the inside. But, above all, there is a strong flavour of humbug about the whole matter. Every account—even those which Mr. Edison himself seems to have authorized—is written in a way in which no good electrician could write. We have a sensational account of the supposed discovery, where a thin filament of carbon is represented as having been accidentally tried with a strong current, and we are told, as of a newly discovered marvel of science, that this carbon filament resisted an intense heat, and "proved in reality more infusible than platinum." As though every schoolboy who has dabbled in chemistry did not already know that carbon was incomparably more infusible than platinum, or indeed than any other substance. Then there are references to other electrical phenomena which have about as much to do with the matter as the processes of electrotyping would have, but all of which are ingeniously identified with the so-called discovery, as though they specially belonged to Mr. Edison's lamp. Thus it is explained that the current can be made to run a sewing-machine; and other potentialities are vaguely shadowed forth which are said to be dependent on a knowledge of the laws of electricity. Of course a continuous current can be made to do work in a thousand different ways; but what have the marvels of electricity in general to do with the question whether Mr. Edison's lamp is a good one? Again, there is the new dynamo-electric machine. Mr. Edison must of course come before the public in a state of complete independence of all other inventors; so he must not even get his electricity from the same sources as others. Hence, for a second time, he produces a dynamo-electric machine, which he calls by the pompous title of the *Faraday Machine*. It merits this title only in virtue of its representing a state of knowledge more nearly that of Faraday's time than any machine in use at present. It is strange how Mr. Edison's efforts in electric lighting seem cursed with a total absence of originality. This machine, both in its separate parts and its general arrangement, is the merest copy from other machines. Its principle, its arrangement, and everything about it are so utterly unoriginal, that really it is difficult to understand how Mr. Edison himself can fancy he has any claim to be considered its inventor. It only differs from the machines at present in use in that it is much what they must have been in their early forms, before their makers had learnt how to intensify the magnetic field in which the armatures rotate. He drops hints of machines that utilize ninety per cent. of the power applied to them. The correctness of this figure, if it is intended to apply to this machine, we cannot believe in. Such a percentage is about what is expected

from a good machine on the Siemen's Gramme or Brush principle, and it is simply absurd to suppose that this blundering imitation, which is destitute of all the special improvements which experience has suggested to their makers, can contend with these machines on equal terms.

All these circumstances and many others cause us to regard with utter distrust the glowing accounts of Mr. Edison's invention (if it is entitled to be called such) that reach us from New York. And added to this there is the remembrance of what happened some eighteen months ago at the beginning of Mr. Edison's experiments on the electric light. Every one recollects how, in October 1878, there came a telegram from New York that Mr. Edison had completely solved the problem of electric lighting, and how this telegram caused a tremendous panic in gas shares, sending them down to two-thirds of their previous value. Even the instructed who could detect in the very language in which the telegram was couched evidence that it was framed either by or for persons who were ignorant of the subject, scarcely dared to imagine that such a telegram could have been allowed to go forth or to remain uncontradicted unless Mr. Edison had really obtained most important results, and was in a position to effect practically electric lighting at a reasonable cost. It is fortunate for Mr. Edison that public attention cannot remain very long fixed upon any one subject, and that by the time that a few months had elapsed people had ceased to think of him or his telegram. For we now know in what position he stood when that outrageous telegram was sent. And it is well that we are able to arrive at this from sources directly connected with Mr. Edison himself, for it would otherwise be impossible to convince any one of the true state of the case. Some six or eight months after this telegram two patents, representing the latest completed results which even then Mr. Edison had obtained, came over to this country, and were made public amidst the universal derision of all who knew anything about electricity. The wonderful secret that was to solve completely the problem of electric lighting was the use of incandescent platinum (or an alloy of platinum and iridium, we forget which) to give light. It would seem that Mr. Edison has an irresistible passion for electrical antiquities. Not only is this one of the very oldest devices known, but it was actually patented in 1848 by Staité, though we doubt whether such a principle could even then have been the subject of a valid patent unless there had been something special in the form in which it was applied. We forget whether Mr. Edison attempted to patent his lamp, or even if he had any lamp at all at the time; but he certainly patented a regulator, which was intended to turn off the current when the heat of the platinum got too intense. This was a simple instrument of little or no merit and deserving of no notice. We really do not know whether it was able to do its work; we have heard that it failed even to do that; but whether or not this was the case is of no moment, for, so far as we have been able to learn, both the lamp and the regulator have, for all practical purposes, proved abortive. We have never heard of their being tried on any practical scale, or even of their being used at all outside of Menlo Park; and whatever may be Mr. Edison's love of perfection, we do not believe for an instant that, if he had got a really practical lamp capable of doing a fraction of what that was represented to do, he would have let months pass without its coming into the market.

But these two were not the only precious gifts which were then bestowed on the world by Mr. Edison. There was a third, to which no disparaging remarks as to its extreme simplicity could be applied. The second patent then taken out by him was for a wonderful dynamo-electric machine of a wholly new construction. We willingly give Mr. Edison credit for originality in this machine. Coils were fixed to the vibrating arms of a monstrous tuning-fork more than a yard long, and these, by the vibrations of the fork, were made to approach or recede from magnets, and thus currents were generated. If it were not actually in a patent taken out on Mr. Edison's behalf, all instructed persons would hesitate to believe that such an absurd arrangement could be seriously proposed at a time when such machines as the Gramme, the Siemen's, the Lontin, the Brush, and a host of others were in existence, much less that it could be proposed by a man of Mr. Edison's advantages and fame. It is difficult adequately to express the ludicrous inefficiency of the arrangement; but one thing is abundantly certain, and that is that the person who seriously proposed it was wholly destitute of a scientific knowledge of either electricity or the science of energy. It is clear that he was tempted by the hope of getting out of the vibrations of the tuning-forks something more than the force he expended on them. No doubt he thought that vibration was so confirmed a habit with tuning-forks that they would vibrate on the merest hint being given to them. To those who remember the amusement that this wonderful invention excited among English electricians, it will be interesting to read the following passage from the latest authentic American account:—"Mr. Edison's first experiment in machines for generating the electric current did not meet with success. His primal apparatus was in the form of a large tuning-fork, constructed in such a way that its ends vibrated with great rapidity before the poles of a large magnet. These vibrations could be produced with comparatively little power. Several weeks of practice proved, however, that the machine was not practicable, and it was laid aside." We should very much like to know when these weeks of practice (not a very long trial for a new invention) took place. Not before the patenting, or it would never have been patented. Then it must have

been after the patent was taken out—a matter which confirms the opinion held by most persons in England who were competent to judge of it, that no such machine had at the time ever been made (except, perhaps, on a small scale), and that the whole matter was a pure speculative suggestion. Remembering the unrivalled opportunities for experiment possessed by Mr. Edison, the fact that he took out this patent without any adequate preliminary trial—and we are convinced that a most superficial investigation would have demonstrated its worthlessness—is a striking lesson as to the reliance that must be placed on the accounts of the extent of the preliminary experiments to which his so-called inventions are subjected. We can assure Mr. Edison that it will require a long list of successes, not only announced, but realized, to counteract in the minds of those capable of judging of it the effect of that absurd patent in convicting Mr. Edison of being a man with no scientific knowledge of electricity, and either so incapable of judging of the value of his work or so careless of his own reputation as to be ready to patent a machine which on a few weeks' trial proves itself, on his own confession, to be an utterly worthless device.

These petty results, or rather the small fraction of them that he had obtained six months previously to their publication, represent all that Mr. Edison had actually completed when the famous telegram was sent. In other words, he had not the slightest ground for announcing that he had made any substantial advance in the treatment of the electric light, much less that he had completely solved its difficulties. Now we do not suppose for a moment that Mr. Edison would aid in giving currency to a report which he did not believe to be true. The most probable hypothesis is that he is an inventor who is absolutely intoxicated with his own reputation, and who has an unlimited belief not only in the efficiency but also in the novelty of all that he proposes. In no other way is his conduct comprehensible. The exciting cause of the celebrated telegram could not have amounted to more than that, having thought a little over the difficulties of the rival plans for producing the electric light, he resolved to concentrate his efforts upon the oldest and the easiest—namely, incandescence in the continuous circuit. Having resolved in his own mind that this was the best form, his vanity treated success as so certain that we honestly believe he viewed it as a grand new departure in electricity, whereas it was only what hundreds had done before and hundreds will do again. Then he went on floundering through all that his predecessors had gone through before him; advancing knowledge not one whit, inasmuch as all his results were old, but still pressing on with the profoundest conviction that everything that came upon him as a novelty was new also to the world. It is only by keeping these things in mind that we can judge of the value of the recent reports of his successes, and we can come to no other conclusion about them than that without independent confirmation they are not worthy of credence. It is not that we do not think that Mr. Edison is likely to help in the development of electric lighting. On the contrary, considering his unexampled advantages, it is matter for surprise that so ingenious a man has not discovered something worthy of remark by this time. For he is undoubtedly an inventor of exceptional merit. Independently of the important share he has had in the development of quadruplex telegraphy, his success in the carbon and loud-speaking telephones shows that he is possessed of great inventive power and remarkable mechanical ingenuity. His other great achievement, the phonograph, would alone go a long way towards justifying his enormous reputation. But these successes seem to have completely turned his head. He allows the wildest reports of his doings to obtain currency. The same account to which we have referred speaks of his having recently invented an air-pump, a method of utilizing mining tailings, a sextuple telegraph, and a specific against headaches. This last child of his fertile brain is old enough to be christened, and rejoices in the mysterious name of Polyform, and the reporter goes so far as to state that Mr. Edison takes it himself. But this must surely be an exaggeration. Altogether he reminds us forcibly of the White Knight in *Through the Looking-glass*, and we expect soon to hear that he has

Completed his design
To save the Menai Bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.

It will be remembered that the White Knight also had invented devices for the preservation of his health. All these things make us feel that Mr. Edison is not capable of judging of his own performances, and confirm us in the belief that his latest idea is but a doubtful rival of many lamps that are already in the market. The calculation as to its costing one-fortieth the price of gas is an utterly absurd one, even when read by the light of the meagre details on which it professes to be based. The most economical form of electric light is, and in all probability always will be, the arc-lamp, where it can be used on a large scale, and no form of incandescent lamp can approach it in economy of production. Yet engineers are very well satisfied if they can bring down its cost, even under the most favourable circumstances, to between two-fifths and one-fourth the price of gas. We feel tolerably certain that the cost of Mr. Edison's lamp, even if it is otherwise practicable (about which we have a good deal of doubt), will be many times this. The only good point about the news is that Mr. Edison seems at last to have settled down to the useful detail work of trying various methods of improving the manufacture of carbon for electric purposes. This is much wanted, and Mr. Edison is exactly in a position to do it. But, supposing that a manufacturer of artificial

carbons were to discover that it was better to use barley-meal than wheat-flour, or lump sugar than moist sugar, in their preparation, we should be considerably surprised to find him announcing himself to the world by telegram as being the greatest inventor of the age. In our opinion Mr. Edison's pretentious announcements are as little justified by the fact that he has satisfied himself as to what is the best form of carbon to use in the ordinary and well-known incandescent method of electric lighting as a candle manufacturer would be justified in announcing that he had completely solved the problem of domestic lighting because he had devised a slightly improved candle-wick.

ENGLISH SOCIETY AT HOME.

A RECENT novelist has somewhere complained that life does not appear to her to be as jolly in 1880 as it was in 1866. Probably there were a good many people in 1866 to whom it appeared that life then was not as jolly as in 1852, and the process might also in all probability be continued backward to the year 14 of the world. At the same time it must be confessed that a superficial student of the handsome album in which some of Mr. Du Maurier's *Punch* drawings have just been reissued might go away with the idea that the England of to-day, at least the English society of to-day, was passing through a phase of suppressed vitality. Mr. Du Maurier comes, and comes not unworthily, at the end of a long list of pictorial satirists which begins, at least for most people, with Hogarth, and continues through Bunbury and Gillray and Rowlandson, and many others, down to Leech. The satirist of this kind, by the mere fact of being popular, may be taken to hold up the glass pretty firmly to nature, though often he may, and generally does, put a good deal of his own into the picture which he draws. People will not as a rule laugh at anything which is obviously and widely removed from actual fact. When we find in the social caricatures of any period a predominance of eating and drinking, we may be pretty sure that the ways of the time were not remarkable for temperance in those respects; and certain very famous sets of Hogarth's could hardly have been produced at a time when the observance of a high standard of decorum was thought necessary. So, if there be found in this album of Mr. Du Maurier's a predominance of professional beauties, chamber-music, and Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins, future generations will hardly be wrong in concluding that Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins, chamber-music, and professional beauties had some actual prominence in the actual world of the forty-second year of Victoria.

Perhaps Mr. Du Maurier's nearest approach to an individual creation is this same Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins. She has other names, but the one form is sufficiently apparent through them. In these days of examinations and of the scientific treatment of things in general, we can conceive few better subjects for young ladies to write essays on than the origin, history, and character of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins. Forty years ago Mr. Du Maurier's clever sketches would assuredly have illustrated what they used to call in the France of Louis Philippe a "physiology" of her. She is distinguished strikingly enough from her predecessor, the Lady de Mogyns whom Thackeray has made immortal. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins is young, she is decidedly pretty, she is not unladylike in a way, and she is well provided with this world's goods. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Du Maurier gives the reins to his imagination, and places her in marble halls which would have satisfied even Poe in the mood wherein he wrote *The Domain of Arnheim*. Mr. Ponsonby de Tompkins is not young, and he is certainly not pretty, but his exterior is passable, and he is obviously not the *nouveau riche* of the last generation who made his money in tallow or hooks and eyes. The essayists for whom we have suggested a subject may have some trouble in placing the original social condition of the pair. At the time of their appearance, however, they are distinguished chiefly by the desire to shine. The Lady de Mogyns and Lady Claverings of the past—of all pasts—had this desire too, but their only notion of bringing it about was by the clumsy process of being "took up." The aristocratic personage who took them up at first invited their guests for them, and then sometimes ended by not being invited herself. This process is not exactly obsolete, but Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins is above it. She "fishes with all nets," like Mr. Dobson's more unsophisticated heroine. The gifted people are asked to meet the duchesses, the duchesses to hear and see the gifted people. In her early days she may make some unfortunate blunders, or, at least as Thackeray would perhaps have called them, "blunderkins." Mr. Du Maurier depicts for us members of her class who appear to confound the effective but arbitrary monogram of commerce with the devices which are, or ought to be, allotted and sanctioned only by the *Heralds' College*; others who are at sea as to the meanings of the term "creation," and so forth. But Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins soon emerges from this stage. She is either a beauty herself, or takes care to introduce beauties as baits into her drawing-rooms. She is constantly—indeed too constantly—presenting Professor Brown and Professor Parallax to the affable Duchess; and the marble halls and the best cook in London do the rest. Her "note," as some of her guests would put it, is that she shows the old weakness of the lion-hunters of past ages in a new form. The noble animals are hunted, not so much for their individual merits as

because each attracts others into the net. Meanwhile, Mr. Ponsonby de Tompkins, patient, obedient, and a good deal bored, executes his wife's behests, and is content to shine with ever so little of reflected light.

As Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins is Mr. Du Maurier's principal figure, so is music his chief theme. For some reason or other (which we shall leave those who are always asserting that Englishmen are a great musical race, somehow defrauded of their birth-right, to explain), the divine art of music has always had a good deal to suffer in our country at the hands of the other divine art of comic design. It is difficult to look at the "Enraged Musician" without suspecting that Hogarth sympathized much more with the disturbers than with the disturbed; and the music-mania of the toilet scene in the "Marriage à la Mode" is something more than dramatically satirical. Rowlandson, too, has somewhere a malicious picture of "Music at Home," where an energetic lady is performing on a harp, with a guitar at her feet and a harpsichord open behind her, to a husband who is comfortably snoring. But few people have been happier than Mr. Du Maurier himself in hitting off the exaggerations and crazes of the musical taste. The prevalence of that taste, as we have noted, is one of the most effective instruments in the hands of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins. The professors, chiefly German, who "must always weep" when they hear the exceeding sweetness of their own music, and who are only too willing to indulge the company with another "little ting" of theirs after having previously indulged them in a dozen little tings, are admirable. So are the amateurs whose conceit and capacity are indifferently played upon by ingenious hostesses. So is the cat whose soul is moved to its depths by the tenor's agonized appeal to his love to "m-e-e-e-et" him. But in these music pieces the audiences deserve at least equal attention and commendation. There is endless variety in them. The other musical persons, decently attentive but slightly critical, not to say scornful, and waiting anxiously for their own turn to come, the enthusiastic young ladies, and the young men who would be enthusiastic if they were not too limp, and who prostrate themselves on the piano in a way which we fear must injure its tone, are all pleasing. There is one young man in particular who appears often, and the length of whose body is appalling and very cleverly saved from being impossible. These are the more private and solemn meetings for celebration of the cult, meetings where the audience are silent, abstracted, ecstatic, and sometimes almost in the condition of that other audience or company which the Laureate once described in the *Vision of Sin*. But there are also other and larger audiences to whom music is but one of many occupations, and where the voice of the talker decidedly prevails over that of the singer. Once, too, whether by way of concession to music, or by way of lodging another arrow in the side of the professional beauty, the artist gives us a scene in which the latter, to her intense disgust and surprise, is deserted by a whole roomful of men, who flock round a very sensible and quiet-looking songstress who is evidently neither mad about music nor about anything else.

Mr. Du Maurier's collection, being limited to "Society at Home," is perhaps not quite so miscellaneous as such collections have sometimes been. The artist rarely goes far from the reception rooms of some great house. But into these he manages to compress a vast amount of life—all, to return to our starting-point, rather solemn life, and life which seems to be a good deal bored with itself. His girls—unless he intends them to be ugly—are always beautiful; but it is rather a stately, not to say a forbidding, style of beauty. A great critic of womanly excellencies once included "touch-me-not-ishness" among them, and Mr. Du Maurier's young ladies have this in the highest degree. Indeed their dressmakers have so arranged them that they are very artful structures, in the highest degree beautiful to look at, but scarcely intended to be touched. The artist, however, is more merciful to them than he is to their brothers. The young men who crowd the staircases and line the walls of his well-filled interiors are almost more beautiful and artful than their sisters; but they are also much more foolish. Very rarely do they say anything, and when they do it is sure to be something absurd. Their coats are worthy to rank with that other and immortal article of male attire into which the Count D'Artois was daily dropped by two strong valets; the droop of their eyeglasses is a sight to see, and the curve of their waistcoats a thing to aim at, but not to reach. Arranged like a kind of irregular dado along the walls, they outshine the pictures and the plates behind their heads in elaborate arrangement. We are given to understand that they sometimes write books instead of reading them; they have sufficient business capacity to speculate on the profits of hiring themselves out to dance at so much a night, and they can, as we have seen, sometimes fall into trances of limp enthusiasm for music, and china, and pictures; but their faculty of repartee is singularly limited, and the highly artificial beauties whom their dressmakers will not allow to sit down have much the better of them in this respect. Space would fail us to tell of Mr. Du Maurier's bishops, in whom he has ably developed some hints given by his predecessors; of his duchesses, who are also able developments, sometimes "oldened" a little, of that admirable figure of Lady Lufton which used to appear in the *Cornhill* twenty years ago; of his fat old men and his thin old men, and many other pleasing types. It is, perhaps, as a general rule, easier to laugh at than with most of his people; and, indeed, we are expected to do so. Every now and then there are touches which are not specially of this age, such as the "Feline Amenities" which two charming matrons are exchanging *à propos*

of a beautiful major, the longing of the wearied couple in the "Waning Honeymoon" for the turning up of some friend, or even some enemy, and so forth. "Sir Wobert," who amiably expresses himself as "so sawwy," when he is informed at an agricultural show that Lady Wachel and Lady Fwedewica have "gone to the dogs," is also not of an age, but of all time. But for the most part the subjects are drawn from classes which, as an enraged poet once said of somebody he did not like, are "coldblooded products of a late and transient phase of Anglo-Saxon civilisation." In this instance the product was, we believe, a reviewer; in Mr. Du Maurier's it is no single type, but consists of young men and maidens, old men and matrons, who are either desperately interested about things not much worth interesting oneself about, or who take very little interest in anything, except the way to come up as a flower and be beautiful. Caricature of course exaggerates—it would not be good caricature if it did not. But it does not invent; and most people, except recluses, will recognise at least some originals, or some who might have been originals, of Mr. Du Maurier's pictures. The art which he professes has left off scourging vice, and confined itself to folly. Perhaps that is because there are no vices left to scourge.

PROPOSED CANONIZATION OF ENGLISH MARTYRS.

A PETITION has just found its way into the papers, presented to the Pope by "the Catholic Union of Great Britain," of which the Duke of Norfolk is president, praying for "the canonization of the English Martyrs" who suffered under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. Three reasons are given for making this request. In the first place, the petitioners dwell on the heroic courage of "that noble host" whose leaders were Cardinal Fisher and Sir Thomas More, and which is closed by Archbishop Plunket of Dublin. They add that the sufferers "adorned their life with every shining virtue, and patiently endured every trial, which ennobled the saints of our country before the schism." A second—and we suspect stronger—motive is found in the number of persons who have of late years "given up the errors of the Protestant sects in which they had been educated, and especially the errors of the Church of England, and have embraced the Catholic faith," whose conversion must reasonably be attributed to the blood of these martyrs. Last, but not least, comes the third reason, that "these champions of the Christian faith" died not simply for Catholicism, but expressly for the Papacy. "There is not one among them who did not sacrifice his life for the honour of the *Apostle Peter and the rights of the Holy Apostolic See*"; the Pope is reminded that they are his "own witnesses," and hence it is "equitable that they should receive their crown from Him (*sic*) for whom their passion specially witnessed." It is obvious at a glance that these reasons are given on an ascending scale, when we remember from what quarter the document emanates. The Catholic Union is the stronghold of Ultramontanism, and, though a lay body, is well known to be inspired by the Ultramontane head of the Anglo-Roman Church. The steadfast courage and "shining virtues" of the martyrs—which are freely admitted on all sides, at least as regards a great many of them—are of course put first as the formal plea for canonization. But the real motive is first to throw down the gauntlet to "the Protestant sects, and especially the Church of England"; secondly, and above all, to glorify "the jurisdiction of the supreme Pontiff," which was the one point of faith or policy—we will explain the distinction presently—for which they were put to death. There is something in this appeal to the equity or self-interest of the Pope which rather oddly reminds one of Satan's appeal to St. Michael and St. Peter in Byron's *Vision of Judgment* for the damnation of George III., because, although he worshipped God himself, he persecuted the Irish Catholics, who desired to worship "not alone your Lord, Michael, but you, and you, St. Peter." Or, to take a more historical parallel, it is very like the plea openly and strenuously urged by Italian divines for the definition of the Immaculate Conception, that it would engage the Blessed Virgin by a fresh obligation to defend the States of the Church. What response Pius IX. would have made to such an appeal there can be little doubt. How his successor may receive it is another matter. That a man of his tact and breadth of view will not be eager to forward so questionable a design may readily be conjectured, but whether he will feel equal to resisting the pressure which is sure to be brought to bear upon him is not equally clear. Our present concern however is not with the fate of the proposal of the Catholic Union, but with the proposal itself. That anything we can say will affect the judgment of that august body is not to be supposed, but it may be worth while to point out to more dispassionate observers the real scope and tendency of their singularly indiscreet request.

We have said already, and we gladly repeat it, that there is no difference of opinion among reasonable men of whatever creed as to the honour due to those Roman Catholic martyrs who bravely and patiently suffered for conscience sake under the sanguinary code of Henry and Elizabeth. It is true indeed that, for reasons intelligible enough but not always creditable, there was once a general disposition among Englishmen—which their coreligionists, if they are wise, will not be solicitous to revive—to disparage or deny their merits. But during late years many signs have appeared of the prevalence of a juster and more generous spirit among us. It is shown not only in the kindly reception accorded some years ago to the excellent *Life of*

Campion by a learned and liberal-minded Roman Catholic, and more recently to the *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus* now in course of publication by the Jesuit fathers, but still more clearly by such publications as *One Generation of a Norfolk House* by Dr. Jessop, Head Master of the Norwich Grammar School, and an article on "the Jesuit Martyrs, Campion and Walpole," which appeared the year before last in the *Edinburgh Review* and was noticed at the time in our columns. And a simultaneous disposition has grown up—springing at once from a sounder criticism and wider religious sympathy—to refrain from the angry declamation formerly so popular about "Bloody Mary" and the fires of Smithfield. It is true that the old bitterness lingers on in certain quarters still. We had occasion some years ago to denounce the issue of a Sunday-school edition of Foxe's lying "martyrology," in the form of a twopenny catechism, under the auspices of an Evangelical prelate now deceased. But the general tendency has been all the other way. It has been recognized, to quote the words of the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, that "a man who lays down his life for what he holds to be the truth deserves all admiration and respect, whether he is a Cameronian on the wild moors of Galloway, or a Jesuit on the gallows at Tyburn." Roman Catholic writers like Lingard or Montalembert did not hesitate on their side to apply this principle fairly all round, and Charles Butler expressed what would now be a very general feeling when he said, "Let Protestants cease to reproach the Roman Catholics with Mary's fires, and Roman Catholics shall be equally silent on the sanguinary code of Elizabeth, and the executions under it." It is this *entente cordiale* which the Catholic Union are doing their best to break up. They are going out of their way to challenge attention to the weak points in their own case, as regards both persecution and martyrdom. Let us say a word on each point.

We shall hardly be suspected of a desire to rehabilitate Foxe and canonize his motley crew of heroes, existent or non-existent. It may be freely admitted that of those who are not fabulous some were very poor creatures, while many of their leaders—including notably Cranmer, who may be left to the tender mercies of Macaulay—had fully earned capital punishment by overt acts of treason. It must also be remembered—and it is an argument which cuts both ways—that the forcible repression of heresy, as such, was a principle of duty universally recognized and acted upon in that day, not least certainly by those who fell victims to it under Mary. But still, after making full allowance for such considerations, it remains true that the ghastly spectacles witnessed during the later years of her reign, when some three hundred men and women were burnt to death as heretics, left an impression on the national mind which three centuries have not effaced. "Hundreds of thousands of Protestant writings," to quote Dr. Dollinger's words, "scattered over the length and breadth of the land, could not have done so much to strengthen the Protestant cause as the spectacle of the fires of Smithfield." When Mary came to the throne the mass of the nation, if not fervently Papal was fervently Roman Catholic. On her death the revulsion was so strong that, in spite of a powerful Catholic party, her successor had no difficulty in carrying the great body of the people with her in a policy distinctly Protestant. Edward VI. could hardly enforce a moderate Anglicanism at the sword's point; Elizabeth's chief trouble was in curbing Puritan excess. Such facts as these tell their own tale. It may not be desirable in the interests of religious peace that they should be dwelt upon, but if the Elizabethan martyrs are to be lauded to the skies and held up to the veneration of the faithful, we may be sure—human nature being what it is—that Protestants will not allow the memory of their Marian fellow-sufferers to die out. Already, we believe, two churches have been opened in the East of London during the last few years, Roman Catholic and Anglican respectively, in memory of the rival "English martyrs." And the first result of the proposed canonization would be to rekindle the smouldering ashes of religious bigotry and discord. The faggots of Smithfield and the gibbets of Tyburn will prove equally available instruments to conjure with. Those who prefer Christian charity to sectarian rancour may naturally prefer that both should be forgotten.

Nor is this all. The canonization of the English martyrs from More to Plunket will inevitably provoke a critical examination of their claims to the new cult. Many, perhaps most of them, may bear the personal scrutiny, and there are few indeed who are not more respectable candidates for the aureole than the fierce inquisitor, St. Peter Arbus, who was the other day "raised" by Pius IX. "over the altars of the Church." But a further question, as regards the Elizabethan victims, will at once force itself on public attention—or rather two questions. For what cause precisely did they die, and who was mainly responsible for their death? The Catholic Union is careful to remind us that they sacrificed their lives chiefly, if not exclusively, "for the honour of the Apostle Peter," that is, for the extremest claims of the Papacy. And here a distinction at once suggests itself. Some of these missionaries, like Campion, devoted themselves entirely to religious labours for the conversion of their countrymen; others, like Parsons, were notoriously implicated in the political conspiracies favoured by the Court of Rome. Yet Campion and Parsons would of course both be canonized. And even Campion, though he personally disbelieved in the deposing power and publicly acknowledged Elizabeth for his lawful Queen, felt unable or unwilling to save his life like his fellow Jesuit Bosgrave by repudiating the validity of the Bull of Pius V. He died therefore for a point of Roman policy, not of even Roman faith. It must further be remembered, not in justification of the atrocious

cruelties practised by the Government, but in explanation of their reasonable alarm, that the doctrine of tyrannicide had been worked up into a system by Jesuit divines, which was afterwards acted upon, not without high ecclesiastical sanction, in France. And Roman Catholic writers have shown the complicity of the Court of Rome in plots for the assassination of Elizabeth. To confine ourselves to public acts, as recorded by a candid but zealous champion of the Papacy in a recent work on *England and the Holy See*, we find that at the very time Pius IV. was writing a conciliatory letter to Elizabeth two years after her accession, the Court of Rome was actively fomenting rebellion against her in Ireland. Ten years later came the excommunicating and deposing Bull of Pius V., which he sternly refused to recall at the urgent request of the Emperor Maximilian. Ten years later again, Gregory XIII., one of the ablest and most enlightened Pontiffs of the century, issued another Bull, "exhorting, requiring, and urging" the Irish to rebel, and declaring war against the English heretics to be no less meritorious than war against the Turks for the recovery of the Holy Land. And meanwhile English Catholics were strictly forbidden to take any oath of allegiance to the Queen. We are far from saying that these facts excuse the tortures and executions which few Protestants of our own day would hesitate to condemn. But we do say, with the Roman Catholic writer just referred to—the italics are his own—"When Campion and other Jesuit priests came into England declaring that they only did so to save souls, is it to be wondered that Elizabeth disbelieved them? Again, what a curious display of policy was it not to send those poor innocent priests [qy. were all innocent?] into England at the very moment when a Papally-guided invasion of Ireland was actually taking place?" One thing, at all events, seems clear enough, that the main responsibility for the blood of "the English martyrs" under Elizabeth rests, not with the Queen but with "the Apostle Peter"—i. e. the reigning Pope, who instructed them and almost compelled her to identify "faith with faction and religion with rebellion." Leo XIII. is asked to build the sepulchres of the prophets whom his predecessors slew. We have glided half unconsciously into the language of the "Gunpowder Treason" service, only expunged within recent memory from the English Prayer-Book in a spirit the reverse of that which prompts the proposed introduction of fresh controversial amenities into the ritual of Rome.

One word may be added in conclusion on another point, of some interest at least to our Roman Catholic readers. What is precisely the meaning and force of canonization? Veron, in his *Rule of Faith*, translated by the Jesuit Father Waterworth, insists that no infallible authority can be claimed for the act, and that Catholics are in no wise bound to believe in the sanctity, or even the existence, of the personages they are called upon to invoke. "Neither a Pope nor even a General Council is guided infallibly in the canonization of a Saint," inasmuch as "all Catholics are agreed that the Pope even in a General Council may err on matters of fact." And there is no revealed evidence to prove that these persons (with the exception of those named in Scripture) were Saints, or that they ever existed, or that the miracles which are the chief cause of their canonization ever took place. Father Waterworth declares in his preface that "the authority of this treatise of Veron's is well known and universally acknowledged," and it was quoted by Archbishop Murray in his examination before a Committee of the House of Commons as a work in which "is found the most authentic exposition of the Catholic Church." On the other hand Cardinal Newman tells us, in the preface to his *Via Media*, that "the infallibility of the Church must certainly extend to this solemn and public act; and that because, on so serious a matter, affecting the worship of the faithful, though relating to a fact, the Church (that is the Pope) must be infallible"; and he quotes Lambertini and Aquinas for his view. Who is right, Veron or Newman? There is much force *ex hypothesi* in the Cardinal's reasoning, but his conclusion has this inconvenience, that there are some canonized Saints whose sanctity it would be difficult to establish; some, like St. George, whose existence is doubtful, and others, like St. John Nepomuc, who certainly had no existence; and a great many miracles recorded in Bulls of Canonization and Breviary lessons which are allowed by all competent critics, albeit Roman Catholics, to be entirely unhistorical. We cannot say whether Mary Stuart is among the martyrs included in the beadroll of the Catholic Union, but her canonization has often been mooted, and we believe some preliminary stages of the process have actually been entered upon at Rome. We merely give her case as an illustration when we say that it might be a trial even to Cardinal Newman's faith to find the personal controversy so hotly debated between Mr. Hosack and Mr. Froude settled over their heads by the verdict of an infallible tribunal. Such questions will at once be forced to the surface if the Tyburn martyrs are canonized, and it may be doubted whether an increased reverence for them, or for "Him from whom they receive their crown," is likely to be the result.

DIAMONDS NEW AND OLD.

AMONG the smells for which the city of Glasgow is justly famous, and which certainly exceed in number and pungency the stench of Cologne, one may, or lately might, be described as all-pervading. It is a singularly warm sweetish smell, which follows you everywhere, and which is particularly prevalent when

a west wind is blowing. In this smell, as in a pleasing and commodious environment, the other minor and local odours have their being. The natives say that the sweetish sickly stench accompanies some vapour which has the power of blackening silver, and this statement we can readily believe. The fragrance in question is scattered abroad, as out of a censer, from a mighty chimney, which, "like some tall bully, lifts its head, and" is offensive. This chimney belongs to the St. Rollox chemical works, and the smell, for all we know, may be that of diamonds in the making, for in St. Rollox Mr. MacTear has possibly succeeded in making artificial diamonds. Whether the result is quite worth the misery which the St. Rollox chimney inflicts, or at least used to inflict, on the human nose, is a question best settled by persons who live within a ten miles radius of Glasgow. It would be a great thing for the Glasgow "buddies" to claim for their town priority in this art: but greatness is not achieved without suffering, and the possibly "bastard diamonds," as Pliny calls them, have been won at much expense of noxious, or at least of nasty, vapours.

It does not yet seem to be certain whether Mr. MacTear has or has not produced artificial diamonds possessing all the qualities of the genuine article. If he has succeeded, he has certainly surprised one of the most hidden of Nature's secrets. We do not know in which of her laboratories, or by what long processes of distillation, she forms the glittering grains for which souls and kingdoms, and even the one lady of Sir Robert Walpole's acquaintance who "would not take gold," have been bartered. "Very sildome it is, and thought a miracle, to meet with a diamond in a veine of gold," says Phil Holland, translating Pliny, "and yet it seemeth as though it should grow nowhere but in gold." That was a curious philosophy, not quite extinct, which supposed itself able to guess where things should grow. In Balzac's novel, *La Recherche de l'Absolu*, the same theory survives. The hero is "trying to get the Absolute into a corner" by means of alchemy. He does not quite succeed with the Absolute; but, when all his means are exhausted, his crucibles cold, his furnace faded out, his friends find diamonds in the sediment of one of his alchemical messes. Diamonds really were found in gold, or at least in auriferous strata, by gold-diggers on the Mudgee, in Australia. In 1829 they were found in the gold washings on the European side of the Ural Mountains. Believers in the old "sympathetic" philosophy would have held that Nature was half consciously putting forth her noblest productive energies, and combining her choicest ingredients in these districts. The gold was comparatively her failure, the diamonds (people would have said) her success. And just as alchemists tried to distil out of gold, as the most perfect substance, the elixir of life, so they would naturally have tried to make diamonds out of gold. Not till early in the seventeenth century did people even guess that the diamond was an inflammable substance. "Neither was it known for a long time," says the old translator of Pliny, "what a Diamond was, unless it were by some kings and princes, and those but few." As to its combustible qualities, the ancient writer flatly denies them. "Wonderful and inenarrable is the hardness of a Diamant; besides, it hath a Nature to conquer the Furie of Fire; nay, you shall never make it hot, do what you can." Yet the members of the Academy of Florence "made it hot" for the diamond in 1694, in the presence of Cosmo III., and these experiments at high temperatures led to the discovery of the essential nature of the stone.

We cannot pretend, of course, to say whether Mr. MacTear has really supplied, at the St. Rollox works, an artificial *matrix* for diamonds in place of that natural one which has so long been vainly sought for in the world. The stones or dust which were sent to Mr. Nevil Story Maskelyne certainly did not satisfy that chemist, and stood none of the very interesting tests which he prepared. His description of these (published in the *Times*) was a most interesting example of the new method of "interrogating Nature," of cross-examining her, and putting her to the question. In Mr. Story Maskelyne's examination nothing was taken for granted. He stands at the very opposite pole to Pliny, with his old-fashioned way of expecting "sympathies and antipathies" in Nature to act much as they might in the world of men. "As touching the Concord and Discord that is between things naturall, in nothing in all the world may we observe both the one and the other more evidently than in the Diamant. For this invincible minerall, (against which neither Fire nor Steele, the two most violent and puissant creatures of Nature's making, have any power), is forced to yield the gauntlet, and give place unto the blood of a Goat, this only thing is the meanes to break it in sunder, howbeit care must be had that the Diamant be steeped therein while it is fresh drawn from the beast, before it be cold, and yet when you have done all the steeping you can, you must have many a blow at the Diamant with hammer upon the anvil . . . Certes, I must ascribe both this invention, and all such like, to the might and beneficence together of the divine powers." Yet the tests of Mr. Story Maskelyne, microscopic and scientific as they are, must yield for convincing force to those which Pliny would have applied to the St. Rollox article. He would, if logical, have given Mr. MacTear prussic acid, and then tried him with one of his own diamonds by way of antidote, much as the conduct of young ladies in Swift's vision was submitted to the arbitration of "the parish lions." If the girl was a good girl, all was well; if not, the lions devoured her. So, if Mr. MacTear's diamonds were genuine, they would possess "a property to frustrate the malicious effects of poison"; while, if

they were only paste, the "poison" would have its malicious effect on Mr. MacTear. Pliny would also have tried the St. Rollox jewels in a lunatic asylum, for "the Diamant hath a virtue to drive away those imaginations that set folke beside themselves, and to expel vain fears that trouble and possess the mind." If the lunatics, on the exhibition of Mr. MacTear's jewels, continued as mad as ever, why the jewels were obviously shams. And herein doth Marbodæus, in his *Carmen de Gemmis*, agree with the learned Pliny, saying of the diamond,

Et noctis Lemures, et somnia vana repellit,
Atra venena fugat, rixas et jurgia sedat,
Insanos curat, durosque reberbat hostes.

Here, then, are a number of tests to which we venture to say that no modern man of science has ever dreamed of subjecting the St. Rollox diamonds.

Mr. Story Maskelyne's first experiments went decidedly to prove that the new artificially-produced stones lack the essential qualities of the natural jewels. But on the sixth and seven of this month he worked for some hours with Mr. MacTear at the examination of that gentleman's productions. The result has been to convince Mr. Story Maskelyne that some of the substances submitted to him still require investigation. He believes that a portion of the material produced by Mr. MacTear is hard enough to have scratched topaz and sapphire. Certain experts also testify that they have been able to engrave two rubies, two sapphires, and other stones with the "crystallized carbon sand" from St. Rollox. And thus it seems very probable that, whether Mr. MacTear has produced diamonds or not, he has at least produced a crystalline form of carbon.

There does not seem at present much reason to fear that Mr. MacTear's discovery will act like those most uncomfortable inventions of Mr. Edison. That ingenious person might obviously, if he pleased, make a monstrous fortune. He has only to let it be known that he can light streets and houses, at infinitesimal cost, with carbonized potato-peelings or old cigar ends, and immediately gas shares go down like skittle-pins. Then, if Mr. Edison were an unscrupulous person, he could buy cart-loads of gas shares, and suddenly give out that the potato-peeling scheme proved a failure owing to the unavoidable presence of too much of the raw material of Hamburg sherry in the carbon. Gas shares would again go up like rockets, and Mr. Edison would retire with what even the countrymen of Tweed and Vanderbilt would think a handsome competence. These things, of course, are far from the mind of a just man, but they are not impossible. A great depreciation in the value of real diamonds, on the other hand, would only affect dealers, and members of "diamond-families," as the young ladies call them. The withers of most of us (who must take our chance against poison and insanity without "the stone called *anachites*") would be unwrung.

Ordinary diamonds, of course, would lose their value if Mr. MacTear could turn out carats by the cart-load. But amateurs would still value as relics the old historical stones. Negroes have used them in the rough as gambling counters; the gods of India have worn them in their eye-sockets; they have been swallowed by robbers and by faithful trustees in moments of danger. Kings' heads have fallen for the sake of the aigrette in the turban, and the diamond's beams have lit up every deed of lust and torture in the darkness. Some great diamonds were once probably parts of the same huge stone; and the cloven fragments may still be thought to long for each other, like the severed sister obelisks in the *Emaux et Camées*. The Koh-i-noor, which belonged thousands of years ago to a hero of the Mahabharata, and the Orloff jewel, were once, it is thought, parts of the same pre-eminent stone in the treasure of the Great Mogul. A third part, of 132 carats, fell from the crown of the ruler of the East into the hands of a peasant, and was used by him as a flint for striking a light. Mr. MacTear's diamonds, scientific articles as they are, cannot rival in interest the jewels of history.

EDUCATION OF THE SOLDIER.

HAVING in a recent article discussed the education of the officer, let us turn to that of the soldier. We are often reminded how unfavourably the soldier of the present compares in point of physique with the soldier of the past. Perhaps he does; but let us hope he can show a corresponding increase in intelligence. Not that the soldier of the past was necessarily wanting in that commodity, but he was never allowed to exercise or develop it. It is said that the ancient Spartans trained their soldiers during peace with such severity that war became, by comparison, a pleasant relaxation; and the training of the soldier of the Iron Duke's time appears to have been conducted on somewhat similar principles. It is indeed difficult for the present military generation to understand the rigour of the *régime* under which their ancestors lived. The barrack accommodation of those days was bad, the food worse, and the pay, reduced as it was by stoppages of every description, was in reality little more than half of the present rate. But these were slight hardships compared with the iron discipline and the excessive formality in minutiae which characterized those days in the army. The importance which was attached to dress and equipment alone formed a fertile source of punishment; for inspections were so rigorous that it was almost impossible for even the most careful soldier to come up to the standard demanded, while any short-

comings were severely visited. In like manner the drill, limited as it then was to mere barrack-yard manoeuvres, was of the most irksome and monotonous description. Its highest aim apparently was to exact absolute and simultaneous precision of movement from the battalion, and it might almost be described as consisting of one continuous "As you were." Nor was there in time of peace any relief to be obtained from the tedium and monotony of barrack life. Tattoo was sounded at an almost infantile hour; recreation-rooms, newspapers, and games were not yet in existence in any barrack; and the compulsory issue of pay daily, although the amount disbursed was frequently no more than one penny, rendered it impossible for the soldier to avail himself of any healthy or legitimate recreation. Altogether the soldier of the past was treated very much like a child; and when we read of the fearful scenes which occasionally followed some of the celebrated sieges in the Peninsular war, we should remember that they were in great measure due to the natural reaction consequent on such a training. Still, in common fairness, it must be admitted there was one thing which the soldier of the past could do—he could fight, and that, too, under circumstances which the present military generation would resent as almost insulting. No Special Correspondent followed him to the field to chronicle, not to say magnify, his deeds. No Victoria Cross incited him to acts of valour, nor did he need it. He spent whole years in campaigning and fighting without even the recognition of a medal. The most splendid feats of arms and the most decisive and important victories passed unnoticed—if not, indeed, unknown—and were accepted as a matter of course; in short, it may be said that military virtue was strictly its own reward, for no other was forthcoming. Those who disparage the soldier of the past and call him a mere machine should remember that, like most machines, he yielded implicit, unquestioning obedience to those who controlled him, and that he served his country well and faithfully because it was his duty.

Very different is the condition of the soldier of the present. In the first place, it must be observed that we have taken greater interest in him and have improved his social and moral status. It is to be feared that this increased interest is not wholly genuine; for plain truth compels us to admit that it was first aroused by our shortcomings in the Crimea, and has since been kept alive by occasional but frequently recurring failures of the supply of recruits. Hand in hand with these improvements came an immense advance in military science, demanding, even for the private soldier, increased military education. First of all came the introduction of the rifle, involving a special theoretical and practical training for every recruit, and an annual course, lasting about a fortnight, of drill, judging distance and target practice for the trained soldier. Then again we built gymnasiums at our principal military stations, and instituted gymnastic training, which includes a three months' course for every recruit, and an occasional course of similar duration for the trained soldier. Further, we have an occasional course of field-work, including the excavation of shelter trenches and siege parallels, and the construction of gabions, fascines, revetments, and bridges. In addition to all this, the attack formation has been added to the drill-book, and requires continual practice; while demands are made on the *personnel* of already attenuated regiments for parties to study musketry instruction at Hythe, cooking at Aldershot, and signalling. To the above list we may fairly add the autumn manoeuvres, which, whether profitable or otherwise, absorb a considerable amount of time. Nor should it be forgotten that the regimental school has been established, and that every recruit is ordered to attend until he obtains a fourth-class certificate of education, and that trained soldiers are to be encouraged to attend until they are sufficiently advanced in reading, writing, and arithmetic. All these items form a very respectable list of the increased educational demands which advancing military science has made upon the time of the soldier of the present.

Now it so happened that about the period when these fresh demands had reached their fullest development attention was attracted to the extraordinary success just achieved by a certain Continental Power in a war of some seven weeks' duration. The said success was attributed to the short service and reserve system; and, although in this case the army was provided by conscription, although its duties were totally different from those of our army, and there was, in fact, nothing whatever in common between the two, it was considered that obviously the best thing we could do would be to copy the model provided for us. Accordingly we instituted short service with reserve, and the result has been that, while we have twice, or even four times, as much to teach the soldier, we have exactly half the time to do it in. We are aware that we have just seen the error of our ways, and have begun to return to long enlistment; but the change has been too recent to have taken any effect, and we are now, to all intents and purposes, still under the late system. The effect of this increased work and diminished time in which to do it has been that a considerable amount of what may be designated mere parade had to be thrown overboard, for the simple reason that neither men nor time wherewith to do it were available. To give our readers an idea of the extent to which our soldiers are now detached from the headquarters of their regiments, and are occupied with duties and instruction which but a few years ago had not even an existence, we may mention the following instance. A certain captain suggested to his commanding officer that the annual inspection was approaching, at which he, the captain, would be called upon to drill the battalion before the general, and that during the past six months he had had no opportunity of practising battalion drill. "No more have I," was the colonel's

reply. Now it may be argued that when once a man has mastered mere drill he is a trained soldier; that constant repetition of it is therefore useless; and that the more he learns of other subjects the better. On the other hand, we would first remark that the very term "trained soldier" is fast becoming misunderstood. A man of ordinary intelligence can, in a year or so, pass recruit's drill, take his place in the ranks, and get through an hour or two of battalion drill without mistakes, but he is very far from being a trained soldier. A regiment composed of such men would be utterly wanting in cohesion, in steadiness, in discipline—in a word, in nearly every quality which trained soldiers should possess. Such a regiment might satisfy a civilian spectator at a review, but it would not pass muster with an old hand, and, as we have lately seen, it would on taking the field be liable to panic and confusion at one moment, however gallantly it might be fighting at the next. "Right or wrong, stand steady," was the motto of the drill-sergeant of the past, but now there is a perceptible change. If all goes well, the young soldier will stand steady enough; but if anything goes wrong, he is too apt to follow suit, and go wrong too. It is very well to sneer at incessant drill and parade work, but it has its use nevertheless, and that use is to keep men up to the mark. As an illustration of our meaning, we may mention that a short time ago we found the *Army and Navy Gazette* animadverting on the slovenly manner in which the soldiers of the Guards now perform their sentry duty in London. To the civilian eye the fault in question would not probably be apparent, but it has been repeatedly noticed of late by military men, and they know that slovenly performance of this duty in peace means still more slovenly performance of it in war, even in the presence of an enemy. And if this falling off has been remarked in the Guards, there is no reason to doubt its existence in the Line. Real discipline and steadiness are only to be obtained by keeping tactical units intact, and the men composing them under the eye of the responsible commander. It has always been admitted that the discipline in our navy is better than that in the army; and why? Because, when a ship has once started on a cruise, she maintains, with very few exceptions, her crew intact, and under the immediate control of the captain during the whole commission.

There is no disguising the fact that the incessant detaching of men from the control of their own commanding officers for instructional purposes of all kinds is playing havoc with the discipline of the army. Parties are sent away here and there to various schools of instruction, where the subject in hand forms the first consideration, and discipline only the second, if, indeed, it is not almost lost sight of. Worse than this, the best men and non-commissioned officers are frequently permanently transferred as instructors. The public are now so accustomed to the attenuated appearance of what are called regiments that they have ceased to notice it, and the falling off in discipline and smartness has escaped general remark, partly because it has been gradual, and partly because the Volunteers have unfortunately afforded a foil. We hope and believe that this subject will shortly receive official notice. We have only so far remarked the existence of what we fear to be a serious evil; on a future occasion we may suggest a remedy.

THE PRIORY OF MOUNT GRACE.

AMONG the most interesting but least known monastic remains in England is the little Carthusian priory of Mount Grace, seven miles east of Northallerton in Yorkshire. Lying only a field or two off the great North road, the grey tower of the little conventual church and the scattered gables of the cottage-cells of the brotherhood must have been noticed in former days by thousands as they dashed past on the top of the Northern mail, eager for the abundant meal to be eaten against time at the "Tontine Hotel." This establishment, with its huge walled quadrangle of stabling and coach-houses, as strong as a fortress—once so full of stir and bustle, but now as silent as the halls of Balacutha, save for the yelping of a discontented cur or the cackling of a self-asserting gander—bears witness to the mighty revolution which the present generation has witnessed. But, though once so familiar to travellers, a passing glimpse was all that most would care to bestow on the ruins; and even if one, more inquisitive than the rest, asked what they were, he would have to be satisfied with being told that it was "a place built by the old monks hundreds of years ago," and would pass on, utterly ignorant of the romantic tale of its chivalrous but ill-fated founder, and of the unique character of the ruins themselves.

And, strange to say, this ignorance to a great extent still continues. Many even of those to whom our monastic remains are a subject of special interest know little more of Mount Grace than the name—if even that. They would be as much surprised to learn that a Yorkshire valley, close to one of our chief high roads, would show them an almost perfect example of Carthusian arrangement, as some of those who recently visited Old Cleeve with the Archaeological Institute were to find within a few miles of the busy town of Taunton a Cistercian abbey, with its domestic buildings, only needing their furniture and a little repair to be ready to receive the brotherhood once more. But in old days coach-passengers were always in too great a hurry to stop by the way; and since the steam-carriage has driven coaches off the road Mount Grace is certainly out of the world, and is only to be seen by those who make it the special object of a visit from Northallerton or Thirsk.

Such persons will certainly have no reason to regret their long, and not very attractive, drive.

The Carthusian Order was never very popular in England. From its first introduction by Henry II. in 1181, at Witham in Somersetshire, to the Dissolution, it only numbered nine monasteries. In fact, the extreme austerity of the Carthusian rule with its severe discipline of absolute silence and isolation, its meagre diet and coarse and insufficient clothing, was as alien from the comfort-loving English mind as it was unsuited to the English climate. Not even the powerful influence of St. Hugh of Lincoln, who, as Canon Perry has recorded in the interesting biography recently reviewed in our columns, was reluctantly torn from his beloved solitude at the "Grande Chartreuse," to preside over the Priory of Witham, could avail to render the order popular. It always existed as an exotic, and failed to naturalize itself here. More than three centuries elapsed between the foundation of Witham by Henry II. and that of Mount Grace by Thomas Duke of Surrey. Sir Walter Manny's celebrated London Charter House—the English form of the French *Chartreux*, as the Italian is *Certosa*—had preceded it by five-and-twenty years. Seventeen years later came Henry V.'s foundation of Shene. All three were brilliant anachronisms—in the age but not of it. In the words of the late Archdeacon Churton, who, in his splendidly illustrated *Monastic Ruins of Yorkshire*, was the first to direct attention to Mount Grace, they were "monuments of the bounteous hand of chivalry, in an age when the spirit of chivalry was departing, . . . and the open faith of knighthood had given way to rancorous debate and civil treachery, soon to bear bitter fruit in the wars of the Houses of York and Lancaster." The noble founders of these houses were led to their selection of the rigid rule of St. Bruno by the evident decay of piety consequent on the relaxation of discipline in the older monasteries, which from houses of devotion had too often sunk into nests of State intriguers, while the indolent and self-indulgent lives of their inmates and their general carelessness as to the religious objects of their trust were fast growing into an intolerable scandal. The foundation of these austere "Charter-houses," whose "holy and singular observances"—to quote the words of the royal founder of Shene—"and the persons living in that order we not only love, but greatly honour and admire," was a noble protest against this growing secularism. But it was necessarily ineffectual. Within four years of the foundation of Mount Grace the Duke of Surrey perished in his gallant, but hopelessly rash, attempt to replace Richard II. on the throne, and the infant priory was all but strangled at its birth. The buildings were suspended, and the church and monastery remained roofless for forty years. But in 1440 Henry VI. confirmed all Surrey's grants, including that of Carisbrooke and two other alien priories, made to him by Richard II. at Haverfordwest on his way to Ireland, May 20, 1399, whence he was so soon to return to captivity and death, and the monastery was speedily completed. The suspension and resumption of the works is plainly traceable in the straight joints and altered style of the Priory Church and the other buildings.

The career of the ill-fated founder of Mount Grace opens one of the most romantic pages in the history of those unhappy times. The son of Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, the half-brother of Richard II. by his mother Joan, his near kinship to the young King had been strengthened by congeniality of disposition, and he had grown into one of Richard's most intimate friends and most trusted counsellors. Honours were pressed upon him. In 1397, when the inevitable struggle between Richard and his uncle and guardian the Duke of Gloucester had reached its head, the young Earl of Kent, who had just succeeded to his father's title and estates, came forward as one of the leading appellants against Gloucester, as the reasonable author of the Commission of Regency, for which he was rewarded with the dukedom of Surrey, and soon afterwards was made Earl Marshal of England. In this capacity he presided at the famous lists of Coventry, immortalized by Shakespeare (2 *Henry IV.* iv. 1), when the desperate combat between Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk, in which sport was becoming most bitter earnest, was, so fatally to himself, cut short by Richard's intervention:—

O when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw :
Then threw he down himself.

Lesser marks of Royal favour were not wanting. A rich set of arras hangings embroidered with the story of Guy Earl of Warwick, which decorated the hall of Warwick Castle, within a short ride of Coventry, soon became his by the forfeiture of Thomas Beauchamp. The next year saw him setting out as Lieutenant of Ireland, at the head of twenty thousand men, against the "rough rug-headed kerns," to complete the work of conquest and organization which Richard had begun. The King followed Surrey in the spring, and receiving the overwhelming intelligence of Henry of Lancaster's arrival in England and triumphal entry into London, returned at the end of July to find on his landing at Milford Haven his kingdom lost. In the general desertion of the nobles Surrey chivalrously stood by his King and his friend, and was despatched by Richard to Henry, together with his uncle, Richard's half-brother, John Holland, Duke of Exeter, to inquire his intention. Henry, with his usual cold astuteness, detained the ambassadors till he had got his luckless cousin safe in his power. Then followed the meeting of Parliament, with the fierce challenges and mutual accusations of treasons. No fewer than forty gauntlets of defiance were thrown

on the floor of the House, and as the result of this contest, so vividly portrayed by Shakespeare in his *Richard II.* (iv. 1), the appellants were degraded, and Surrey narrowly escaped with his life, the citizens of London having petitioned for his capital punishment as one of the chief abettors of the late King in his illegal exactions.

What Surrey had failed to secure by force he now resolved to gain by stratagem. Henry was to keep his Christmas at Windsor. He and the Earl of Salisbury and others of the lords appellant who had met at Oxford, under pretext of a tournament, to arrange the plot, were to obtain entrance into the castle in the disguise of mummers, murder Henry and his son, and restore Richard. On the eve of its execution the plot was divulged by the Duke of Rutland, one of the conspirators. Henry and his sons immediately fled from Windsor and took refuge in the Tower of London, whence he issued orders for the apprehension of Surrey and his adherents as traitors, and began to levy troops to crush the possible rebellion. On the arrival of the supposed mummers, in the twilight of Sunday, January 5, 1400, the eve of the festival of the Epiphany, with four hundred men-at-arms in their wake, they found the castle gates closed against them, and guards ready to give them a warm reception. Taking the alarm they dashed off without attempting to enter, followed by the royal force to Sonning, where Isabella, Richard's young Queen, was sojourning. Surrey's gallant defence of Maidenhead Bridge against his pursuers, to secure the retreat of his party, was long remembered. Having apprised Isabella of his intention to restore her husband, who he told her had broken his prison at Pomfret, and was awaiting her with a force of a hundred thousand men, but obtaining little credence for his tale from the hapless young foreigner, he pressed on westwards, after tearing the royal badges off his servants' necks, to Wallingford and Abingdon, commanding the populace everywhere to arm for King Richard. At nightfall the next day the party, weary with their long ride, arrived at Cirencester, with the same summons. But the King's writ for their apprehension had already reached the town and was in the mayor's hands before their arrival. While parleying with the new-comers, the mayor secretly summoned his burghers and the fighting men of the vicinity to his aid and closed all the outlets of the town with archers. About midnight Surrey and his party, not liking the appearance of things, set themselves to quit the town, but found their exit firmly resisted. A desperate street fight ensued which lasted till daybreak, when, finding resistance hopeless, they took refuge in the Abbey Church, offering to surrender if they might be allowed to go to speak with the King. Their fate was sealed by a hot-headed priest of their party, who, hoping to create a diversion in their favour, fired the town during the parley. This only exasperated the townsfolk the more, and, letting the houses burn, they dragged Surrey and Salisbury out of the church, beheaded them in the market-place, and sent their heads to the King at Oxford, by whom they were set up on London Bridge. Thirteen years afterwards his widow obtained permission from the King to have the head taken down, and the body of her brave and unfortunate husband removed from its grave at Cirencester, and reinterred in a tomb at Mount Grace. The loyal people of Cirencester, whose decisive action had so effectually crushed this rebellion, were rewarded by an annual grant of four does from the royal forests and a hogshead of wine for the men, and six does and another hogshead of wine for the women, who had been specially zealous in stirring up their husbands and sons to fight for the King.

The priory of which the chivalrous and ill-fated Surrey was the founder deserves, as we have said, more attention than it has hitherto received, as the only example of the singular Carthusian arrangement now existing in England. The rule of St. Bruno it will be remembered attempted a sort of union of the solitary and the cenobitic life. The brothers formed one community, contained within one enclosure, worshipping in the same church, meeting on high days in the same refectory, and sharing in the same cloister and conventual buildings; but instead of the common dormitory and day-room each had his own small cottage, comprising a sitting-room and bed-room and closets, with a little garden attached, to be cultivated with his own hands. Of this arrangement—which we see on a grand scale at the world-famous Certosa of Pavia and that near Florence, as well as in the parent house, "La Grande Chartreuse" at Grenoble—the little Yorkshire priory supplies a small but most interesting example, perfectly unique in England. Nowhere else can we see the two courts—the outer court to the south for the "conversi" or lay brethren, and for those who did not adopt the rule of the community in its full strictness, in which were also the apartments for the reception of guests; and the inner court to the north, separated from it by the church and prior's house, containing the residences of the brethren. This court was originally surrounded with a pentice cloister, the hooked corbels of the roof of which remain projecting from the walls, from which the "domuncule" of the monks, five on each side, opened by small, square-headed doorways. On the right hand of each doorway is a small square-headed hatch for the admission of food from the general kitchen and other necessities, the rule of the order prohibiting any one from entering a brother's cell except from absolute necessity. These apertures do not go straight through the wall, but turn twice at a right angle—like a straight-lined Z—so as effectually to prevent any one looking out or looking in. The same arrangement for securing absolute privacy is found in Carthusian houses generally. Many of our readers will have seen

it at the Grande Chartreuse, and we have seen it at Pavia, Florence, and the convent of Miraflores, near Burgos. Of these houses, the mother house by Grenoble and that near Florence are alone still occupied by the order, the *Certosa* of Pavia and Miraflores having both been suppressed in very recent times. The little houses in which the brothers passed their lives, in perpetual silence, chiefly employed in copying books, mindful of their founder's words, that "he who transcribes holy books preaches silently with his hands," were of two stories. Each floor, twenty feet square, was divided by a wooden partition into a chamber and a closet, comprising the day-room with a fireplace below, and the sleeping-room above. One of the closets formed an oratory, the other contained the brothers' scanty stock of tools and implements. A little walled garden lay in the rear of each dwelling. As the rule of the order required the strictest austerity of life, the most studied plainness prevails in every part of these little dwellings. The doors and windows are mere apertures in the walls. Towards the western part of the south side of the cloister wall under the prior's house are the lavatories. The general refectory, in which the brethren only met on festivals, ought to be adjacent, but this part is too much ruined to allow its place to be accurately determined.

The church that divides the two courts displays a little more architectural skill. It consisted of a very short nave and a long aisleless choir, a central tower, and broad shallow transepts opening not from the crossing, but from the nave. The straight joints show that the chancel and transepts are later additions belonging to the second period of building. The tower and the nave indicate by their style that they form part of Surrey's original work. The chancel has entirely perished with the exception of the north wall, but its foundations can be clearly traced. The best specimens of architecture in the church are the four tall richly-moulded and well-proportioned arches which support the tower. Singularly enough, the octagonal capitals do not fit the triple group of shafts which they surmount. Indeed, in every part of the church we notice perplexing marks of botching and alteration, to be looked for in a building resumed after some years' suspension, during which architectural taste as well as the wishes of the builders had changed. Access to the outer court is given by a gate-house at the north-west court. It was divided by two transverse arches, and had very flat groining. Immediately adjacent to the gate-house is a very picturesque gabled house built on to the old buttressed walls. The square-headed windows, with stone mullions and the gables capped with bells, look almost earlier than the date which is to be read on the projecting square porch, 1654. The fine ash-trees which grow in and about the courts add much to the effect of the picture. The situation is one of much beauty, in a level green meadow, watered with a copious stream, at the foot of a high bank of wood covering the steep side of the long hill dividing Mount Grace from Osmotherley, on an elevated point of which is a little wayside chapel bearing the date 1515. The ruins are kept in tolerable repair; but a good work might be done in removing the rubbish which encumbers the houses, and conceals their arrangement. Such irreparable mischief has been done by ignorant restoration that we almost shrink from suggesting anything like repair. But the interest of the place would be greatly increased if the window-jambes and other pieces of cut stone found in the *débris* were simply replaced in their original positions and the ruined walls built up of the old materials. But such a work should only be undertaken under the most careful superintendence.

THE RED-LETTER DAYS OF COMMON LIFE.

THE statesman who formulated the now well-worn sentence on the intolerable weariness of amusements spoke from a point of view in which amusements are not a relaxation, but a labour. When a man is compelled to go out who desires to stay at home, or is obliged to sacrifice an interval of much-needed rest to some conventional necessity of exhibiting himself, his presence at a festivity is as much a part of his life's labour as is that of the coachman who drives him there; and he is not amusing himself or being amused in any true sense of the word. He is, or may be, contributing to the relaxation of others, like the hard-worked drivers and horses of pleasure-vans during the excursion season of Londoners. His red-letter days are those in which his diary presents a blank to be filled up as he chooses, or to be left blank if he be so minded. A life crowded with varying events must seek its variety in the uneventful; and, conversely, a life which passes in the repetition of an unvarying round of monotonous duty within narrow limits will find its variety and interest in events of infinitesimal magnitude. Small as they are in themselves, they stand out in some relief above a dead level; just as, if memory can be trusted to go back to those long-lost summers when it was possible to lie down on the grass, a mole-hill, regarded from such a position, will, without much effort of the imagination, assume the proportions of a mountain in a horizon measured by inches instead of miles. Thus the calendar of the agricultural labourer is still, though in a less degree than formerly, divided by the most minute incidents; and the record of his memory is assisted by landmarks which have varied the routine of his life with trifles which would have faded from the cosmopolite remembrance in a day. His experience now is something like that of the middle-class resident of a country town in the old untravelling days, who would not seldom be able to

describe his fellow-passengers by the stage-coach in every one of the unfrequent journeys which he had made during the last ten years. His dates have been marked by reference to the fairs of the market-town, or the club-day of his own or some neighbouring village; and his observation, frequently very acute within his own range, will be preserved in some such form as the current Worcestershire saying that "the cuckoo buys a horse at Pershore fair." The keenness of his appreciation of some unexpected variety from the monotony of his ordinary round will often present a curious contradiction to the doctrine of the weariness of amusements. By way of instance, let the hounds come within sight in a difficult hunting country, where the chance only occurs once or twice in the season. It will be worth the while of any London guest at the parsonage to study the effect produced upon the steady-going man and his boy at work in the garden; that is, if the guest is quick to seize the opportunity, which will be but fleeting if the rector is not very inexperienced in country ways, and if there is no very pressing duty on hand. For the rector's general rule is probably somewhat to this effect:—"If the hounds come this way, go, without waiting to look for me and ask leave"—as he is fully aware that the work will not suffer, but will be done all the better after the dozen miles run, which would knock himself up for a week, even if he could make the attempt. The "man" on these occasions is observed, by his wife's account, to exhibit an unusual staying power in postponing his dinner, and he has an eye that can see a fox at distances where his master, who is apt to boast that he has not "come to glasses" as yet, is not altogether sure that he can make out a horse. He chances short cuts in the right places as if he were in the personal confidence of the fox, and explains afterwards that it was "the way they were bound to go when the wind was downhill, and the same as it was four years ago, and one time before that when they killed in the back orchard at the Court."

But the sight of the hounds in such a district is a movable festival at best, and one which moves in an irregular and eccentric orbit; besides that its due celebration is necessarily confined to a privileged few. A red-letter day of universal observance in an agricultural neighbourhood, of which the recurrence is as certain as the harvest, and certain in the same degree, and of which the date is approximately fixed in the domestic calendar, has passed into a proverb which we believe is considered, in genteel circles, something too vulgar to quote. It will be remembered in the caustic but over-bitter series of "Naggleton" papers which appeared some years since in *Punch*, that a scene occurs at a little dinner at Greenwich, where the husband, after the first bottle of champagne, becomes genial in his fashion, and declares that "We don't kill a pig every day, you know," to the great horror of the lady, who fears that the waiter and the people at the next table will imagine that such an event is literally known in their economy. No doubt the proverb is homely enough, and in the vulgar tongue; but not the less, or perhaps all the more, does it catch and embody the spirit of a real delight, which every one familiar with rural life will recognize as existing. "Killing the pig" is a festival anticipated and provided for all the year through; and not more surely does the picture of the baby-year coming in while the infirm year departs make its appearance in the almanacs than the purchase and bringing home of the innocent-looking little pig waits upon the slaughter of his unwieldy but by no means infirm predecessor. His growth, progress, and general welfare are watched as the year goes on with an affectionate regard which its object does not fail to observe, and which, mistaking its motive, he returns with a demonstrative joy almost pitiful in its absurdity. He cannot help not being your dog, and it is hard that his advances should be rejected with such marked aversion. In time he outgrows this weakness, and subsides into a selfish contempt for mankind as the period approaches when—for the picture and its legend, although generally regarded as a slightly profane joke, were of actual and *bona fide* reality—his happy owner leans contemplatively upon the sty with—"Ah! if we were only all on us as ready to die as he be!" The comparison was certainly incongruous; but that it was not consciously so, and, still more, that it was not irreverent, will be understood by any one who has chanced to come across the beaming face of the owner when at last the pig has been duly, and not in the waning of the moon, killed, hung, and weighed. But not for sale. The proverb knows nothing of "pork-butchers"; and the row of pendent carcasses, bedizened with evergreen in the glare of gas-burners, has not the trace of an association with the solitary monarch of the lean-to or the back-kitchen, where his admirers can hardly walk round him, and where "You see, sir, he be a touching the floor." The hams may perhaps be parted with as a favour to the doctor or the curate, who appreciates the difference between "home-cured" and Bishopsgate Street; but the pig which is "not killed every day" means a week of luxurious dinners, and kindly presents of "fry" to neighbours, and pork-pies sent by the carrier to married daughters, in homes where, when the proverb was new, living was much scantier and harder and more unvaried even than it is now. And, after the actual festival is over, there are the rashers in long series to fall back upon, and to suggest the promise of rural plenty in low-ceilinged dwellings, at times even to an unobservant visitor with only too much distinctness. The contact of one's head with cured bacon is not an agreeable experience.

The redness of this special red-letter day is a question of degree as well as of character; and as the celebration, while common to all the families in each community, is distinct and separate for

each, being a household and not a tribal function, there is much friendly comparison and rivalry as preparation moves onward to result; and the final examiner and referee is the steelyard. Every owner of a pig to kill is necessarily in the first instance concerned with his own prospects and his own success; but beyond this his interests and sympathies go out to his neighbours, and he measures their anticipated or realized good fortune by the gratification which he experiences in his own. It is probable that in a friendly and well-regulated parish—we make the inference *à priori* and on general principles only, without the advantage of any guidance from induction—the importance attaching to the fact that the parson's best pig had "come nigh on three-and-twenty score, and there was never one not more than twenty killed at the rectory before," would considerably outweigh that of the "First in Mods" which the parson's son had just brought home from Oxford.

If we have entered rather fully into detail on a very commonplace, and, if it so be, a very vulgar subject, it has been by way of comparing the enjoyments which give actual variety to the monotone of common life with those which are "made to order," or which exist only in advertisements. Nobody believes in the existence of the conventional family grinning over a great pudding, and we suppose that the perpetuation of this form of art would be defended on the ground that it is symbolical, and not representative in its intention; and similarly it may be argued that some stupid contrivance which is meant to swell the Christmas balance of a puffing tradesman is not really expected to bring to thousands of homes the ever-new delight which the advertisements promise. But there is a widely prevailing theory that people can be amused—and specially those people who are called the poor—much in the same way that it is also supposed they can "be done good to"—that is, in some way which seems good to a patronizing fussiness, irrespectively of any consideration of what "the people" like for themselves. To provide a real enjoyment for any one it would seem to be a necessary preliminary to study what he or she really enjoys; and it is quite possible to give a wide amount of gratification on this basis without any compromise of principle or encouragement to low and depraved tastes. The eccentric old lady in one of Dickens's later stories who sent for a little boy into her presence and then ordered him to "play" with a strange little girl knew nothing of child-nature; and a similar ignorance of human nature generally may be shown by persons who are not, or who do not consider themselves, in any way eccentric. In many parts of the country recent experience has shown the failure of attempts to revive, on a new basis, traditional festivities of the past; and, among others, with unfortunate forgetfulness of the change of style, the supposed and bygone glories of May-day. What statistics of rheumatism and bronchitis may have been supplied by the combination of east winds and driving rain with ecclesiastical proprieties on this most inclement festival, the local club-doctors may probably be able to tell; but the experiment has been tried with a non-success sufficient, we believe, to have already secured its general abandonment. English people may amuse themselves sadly, but they will not be amused except in their own way. It may be an inartistic and commonplace way enough; their whole lives for the most part are of such a character; but any one who both desires and has the opportunity to bring something of relaxation and variety into monotonous lives had better at once abandon theories and look about him for facts of observation, get rid of all ideas of bank holidays and other wholesale pleasure-manufacturing inventions, study local preferences and individual character, and give his servants and others over whose time and work he may have control a liberal amount of credit alike for self-respect and for knowing their own minds.

LIFEBOATS.

A SHORT statement of the work done by lifeboats during the past year, which has recently appeared in some of the daily papers, is given with the modesty and brevity which always distinguish the publications of the Lifeboat Institution. Indeed it may perhaps be thought that in days when bragging and puffing are so general, and are so often thought necessary, even by those who have a good cause to serve, the Society is something too modest, and hardly states with sufficient emphasis the claims which it has for widely extended support. With the exception of the great hospitals, there is probably no institution in this country which does so much good and averts so much misery as this one; and possibly it might be well if its merits were brought somewhat more prominently before a public little given to paying attention to anything that is not very loudly proclaimed. Possibly, however, those who work for the Institution are wise in speaking in the simplest manner of the achievements of the crews, and in refraining from any of the noisy solicitations for aid which are so common. Those achievements are such that to state them in the most curt manner is perhaps to state them in the most impressive manner. It may be hoped that a Society which, since its formation, has saved or contributed to save the lives of nearly twenty-seven thousand people, can dispense with the art of the philanthropic advertiser.

During 1879 the lifeboats saved 637 lives, and, in addition to these, 218 lives were saved by fishing crews, who received rewards from the Institution; so that body may fairly point to the rescue of 855 people from drowning, or from a lingering and terrible

death by exposure, as the result of its labours during the past year. Wonderful, however, as such a result is, the mere statement of it scarcely shows all the good the Society has done. It must be remembered that a large proportion of those who were thus rescued were poor men who were supporting families. When seamen and fishermen are drowned, their wives and children are left destitute. The effect, therefore, of what the Lifeboat Institution has done has been not merely to save a number of lives, but to preserve a great many women and children from want. The success of the crews in saving property is of course much less impressive than their success in rescuing men from drowning; but it must not be forgotten that they brought safely into harbour not a few vessels which, had it not been for their efforts, must have been lost with their cargoes.

The account of which we have spoken gives the list of the services of the lifeboats in the briefest form, scarcely anything being stated beyond the names of the vessels and the number of people saved in each case. So far as regards the work of the crews during the latter half of the past year, no fuller record is at present obtainable; and probably the account of what was done during the tremendous gales of December will not appear for some time. Of the work done during the first half of the year a description—more detailed than a mere summary, but by no means erring on the side of prolixity—has been published, the Institution having, according to their custom, given short notes of the services of the lifeboats in the numbers of their journal issued in August and November. These, as usual, attracted small attention at the time of their appearance, the public being willing to indulge in a sentimental and rather vague admiration for lifeboats, but caring little to learn anything in detail of the work of the crews. Now that a concise statement has shown what has actually been done during the year, and that gales of unusual fury have caused people to think somewhat of the terrible dangers to which, in spite of all the contrivances of civilization, vessels on our coasts are still exposed, it is not impossible that the brief records published by the Lifeboat Institution may receive some notice. How well it is merited need hardly be said. Rightly enough, any shortcomings which endanger human life receive universal condemnation; and it is only fair that the other side of the picture should be considered, and that some attention should be given to the courage and skill by which so many lives are preserved.

The curt narratives of the Lifeboat Institution are marked in one respect by a gratifying monotony. They all tell, in simple language, a like story of determined and fearless effort and of success in a noble service. There is necessarily a certain resemblance in the accounts of the achievements of the crews, which, from the unpretentious manner in which they are described, may perhaps be less highly estimated than they should be. Some readers may scarcely realize the nature of the work which these men have to do during the tremendous gales of the winter and spring, or the unflinching courage which is invariably shown. Many may fail to appreciate all the bravery and skill of which the brief paragraphs tell. Happily, however, there are amongst these plain little narratives, all telling of the resolute performance of duty, some which can hardly fail to strike even the most careless reader as being records of acts of the highest courage. As an instance, we would specially refer to the rescue of the crew and captain of a French brig last spring. This vessel got ashore at Perran, five miles to the eastward of Penzance, grounding some five or six hundred yards from the beach. Rockets were thrown over her, but only one man got ashore by the hawser, and when a barge manned by some young fishermen got out to the brig, the crew refused to leave her. The Penzance lifeboat had been launched when news of the disaster arrived, and she went under sail to the wreck; but no notice was taken of her for some time, as the master was unwilling that the crew should leave the vessel, having apparently some wild idea that she could be saved. The wind, which steadily increased, veered round to the west, and it became clear that "the vessel was in a most dangerous position, she being in the breakers, full of water, and surrounded by rocks." Indeed, the lifeboat itself must have been in no inconsiderable danger. However, the men held to their work heroically, and ultimately the sailors on board the brig, five in number, got into the boat. The captain, however, absolutely refused to leave the vessel. The lifeboat men rowed away for a short distance, but finding that the sea was still getting up, and that the wind was veering more and more to the west, so that the brig would almost to a certainty break up soon, they returned to her, and urged the captain to come on board. He again refused, and after a time the lifeboat was obliged to leave the vessel, having been struck by several seas, which had nearly swamped her, and having had three oars broken. She returned to Penzance—a distance of five miles, be it observed—and there landed the rescued French sailors. After she had gone a coastguardman made an heroic effort to save the French fanatic, and going out along the rocket line, succeeded in getting under the bows of the brig; but the captain, who was either inspired by some intense feeling of duty or had altogether lost his head, again refused to quit the vessel. The coastguardman was hauled back, and, as may well be imagined, was in a very exhausted state when he reached the shore. The vessel began to break up, and when one of the masts went over the side, the captain, who, in spite of his contempt for life, had taken refuge in the rigging, was thrown down and buried in the wreckage. Emerging from this, he came to his senses at last, and, seizing the line of one of the rockets which had been thrown over the brig, got a life-buoy on board by means of it. Supported by this he was hauled ashore, the coastguardmen forming

a line hand in hand, and pulling him through the surf. At the time when this happened, the lifeboat, having landed the five men at Penzance, was on her way back through the terrific sea, the crew being determined to make one more effort to rescue the lunatic who had twice refused the aid proffered him. It is difficult to imagine a more courageous or persistent effort to save life.

The magnificent effort of the crew on this occasion was undoubtedly more remarkable than anything else done by lifeboats during the first half of the year, but many of the achievements of other crews showed noble courage and determination, and are well worthy of remembrance. To one we would specially refer as an instance of a brave rescue, and also as showing how dangerous the service is, in spite of the admirable qualities of modern lifeboats. In February last a barque went ashore near Brightstone Grange, Isle of Wight. The lifeboat put out, but the sea was very heavy, and when at length the vessel was reached, she was on the point of breaking up. Saving the crew was a very difficult task, the boat being overwhelmed by heavy seas and the men nearly washed out of her. They succeeded at last, however, in rescuing the crew of the barque, and then put back. At the moment when the boat's bow touched the steep beach, a sea caught her, swung her round, and turned her over. All on board her were of course thrown into the surf. Happily the results were very different from those of a rather similar accident which occurred some years ago in the West of England. Although several of the men who were thrown out of the Isle of Wight lifeboat were nearly drawn out to sea, all were ultimately saved. On several other occasions the crews of lifeboats were in danger nearly as great as this.

It seems somewhat strange, considering the perils which these crews incur, the arduous nature of their work at all times, and the admirable energy and courage which they show, that there is not a better recognition of the services they render. A hazy admiration is generally felt for them; but with the expression of this public gratitude ends. Little is said of what the crews of the lifeboats do save when extraordinary achievements attract notice; and even these excite but lukewarm enthusiasm, and are soon forgotten. The wreck of the French brig was much spoken of at the time when it occurred, owing principally to the extraordinary behaviour of the captain, and some admiration was expressed for the courage of the coastguardsman and the noble conduct of the lifeboat crew; but both were soon forgotten, and probably now are only remembered by those who study the excellent, but not very widely read, publications of the National Lifeboat Institution. In much the same way have other similar services been treated; for happily the effort of the Penzance crew does not stand alone, or nearly alone. In past years there have been deeds quite as remarkable as theirs. Brave as these seamen were, they were not braver than the men of the Cullercoats boat, who, in a desperate attempt to save a cabin-boy's life, stayed by a ship which was breaking up until they were all but overwhelmed by the fall of the mainmast, or than the crew of the *Sabrina* lifeboat, who, seeing their consort disabled and nearly sunk when lying alongside a stranded vessel, went alongside her themselves and rescued every man on board. Many more instances might be cited in which similar courage and seamanlike skill have been shown by the men who work under the direction of the Lifeboat Institution. Yet how little admiration is shown for these splendid exploits, and how soon are they forgotten! This indifference seems the more remarkable when it is contrasted with the enthusiasm which in these somewhat sentimental days is often shown about acts of no very extraordinary valour. It being generally accepted, apparently, that the lifeboat crews are very fine fellows, the public shows none of its usual fervour about even their best achievements, and the men's devotion and bravery are taken as matters of course. It is, perhaps, well that it should be so, for the work could not be better done than it is, and perhaps no good results would follow if the sailors found themselves as famous as the heroes of the day are. Still, in times when gush is so common, the public apathy is not easily accounted for, though it may possibly be ascribed to a general impression that hardship and death by drowning are not the same to sailors as they are to other men.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

SIR COUTTS LINDSAY has found an agreeable novelty for the winter exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery in the collection of modern pictures of the Dutch school which is shown in the west gallery. There is something very attractive in the coolness of colour and quietude of design which for the most part distinguish these works, which are contributed by the members of the Society of Water-Colour Painters of the Hague, the President of which is M. Mesdag. He is represented by "At Anchor" (5) and "Caulking" (44), both of which, and perhaps especially the latter, are excellent specimens of his work. M. Maris contributes several works, amongst which we may particularly notice "A View at Schiedam" (19), which is remarkable for its fine effect of light, and "The Peacock Feather," an exceedingly clever, if sketchy, piece of work. One of the most charming of these pictures is "Reading the News" (6), by M. Henkes. In this the management of atmosphere and light is singularly true and attractive, and the whole effect is as pretty and pleasing as it is simple. M. Israels is not seen at his best, but his "Happy Home" (10) has much of his characteristic tenderness of feeling and expression. In

connexion with this we may mention "Baby's Dinner" (54), by M. Blommers, which is a pleasant work, much in the style of M. Israels. M. W. Maris's "Ducks" (47) is charming in feeling and in execution, and so is "The Milking Yard" (40), by M. A. Mauve. A subject of the same class is well chosen and treated in M. Roelofs's "Duck Pond" (25). Amongst these pictures are exhibited Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Amateurs" (13), which has been seen before elsewhere, but which we are glad to see again, and Miss Clara Montalba's "Greenhithe" (30), which goes well with its surroundings, and may rank worthily with the pictures from the same hand to which we called attention last week. M. Du Chattel's "A Bright Day" (45) suggests pleasing reminiscences of Daubigny and of Corot.

Among the English contributions, taking the pictures in the order of the Catalogue, we may note two works by Mr. Mark Fisher (63, 66), an excellent portrait of Mr. Guthrie by Mr. J. Parker (67), and a good and tender picture by Mr. Fahey, called "The Fair Maid of the Farm" (72). Mr. Holiday sends "The Rhine Maidens" (76), which is an illustration of the first scene of Herr Wagner's *Das Rheingold*. The picture is not without merit, but would, we think, without the help of the Catalogue, entirely fail to suggest that its place is supposed to be at the bottom of the Rhine. One would rather take it for the summit of a mountain range. Perhaps the introduction of "here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a grayling," might serve to throw some light upon the matter. Mr. Herkomer, who seems to aim at strength before everything, has certainly reached it in his "Descendant of the Romans" (85), which represents, with obvious faithfulness, a face the type of which does not suggest the title given to it. People who have been delighted with Mr. Walter Crane's book illustrations cannot but be disappointed with his "Triumph of Spring" (96), which is unsatisfactory alike in drawing, colour, and design. Such disappointment, however, can be made up for by going a little further and pausing before "The Music Lesson" (101), by Mr. Tristram Ellis. A parallel to this work has seldom been seen before. It can be compared only to a celebrated picture exhibited two years ago by a Royal Academician, which afforded solace and entertainment to all who were weary with much tramping through the galleries of the Academy. Mr. Ellis's work is on a much smaller scale than was this famous production; but, to borrow a phrase from literature, it is exceedingly terse. It is worth close study; for it is not probable that anything quite like it will ever be seen again on the walls of a picture-gallery. Mr. H. J. Stork has an interesting and not unpoetical picture (115), which is thus described in the Catalogue:—"Sellner, seeing the spirit of his dead wife playing on her harp when in the agony of his grief, seeks to recall her image by repeating on his flute some of her favourite airs. While he continued to play, the harp played with him; but directly he ceased, its tone and the apparition faded away.—Theodore Körner's *Harp*." Mr. Poynter, with cryptic humour, assigns to a clever moonlight study (116) this quotation:—

'Tis a day
Such as a day is when the sun is hid.

Mr. J. D. Linton's "Youth and Time" (113) is singularly fine and strong, despite certain faults, such as the excessive bigness of Time's right arm. But there is a charm about the colour, composition, and, for the most part, mastery of drawing which more than atones for any such faults. We may note also the fine expression, sense of colour, and treatment of textures shown in the same painter's "A Study" (124). Mr. Marsh's "Portrait" (132) of F. W. Hall Esq., who stands gun in hand against a background of sky seen through trees, is striking and clever. Mr. Brewnall's "Summer Afternoon" (136) is as disagreeably hot and uninteresting as Mr. Morris's "Silver Twilight" (146) is cool and pleasing.

In the Sculpture and Water-Colour Galleries we may note a bold and successful experiment in colour by Mr. Percy Macquoid in his "Portrait of Mrs. Ernest Bagallay" (171), Mr. Walter Severns's "Tintageux, Isle of Sark" (184), a good work in the manner of Mr. Brett, and a clever sketch of "Delft" (185), by Mr. Hamilton Auld. Miss D. Tennant sends "The Idlers" (195), a highly satisfactory production. There is no attempt to make a fancy picture of the subject—street urchins on the Embankment wall—but there is as much tenderness as truth in the work. Mr. O'Connor's "Old Bridge at Lincoln" (205) is very bright and pleasant, and is another proof that he has escaped from the danger which at one time seemed to threaten him of too great a tendency to dingy colouring. Mr. D. Carr's "Red Roses" (27) is excellent both in drawing and colour. In the vestibule Mr. F. Sandys shows three portraits—257, Mr. Cyril Flower; 258, Mrs. Cyril Flower; 259, Mrs. William Brand—which combine in a marked and admirable degree the qualities of strength and finish. The treatment of the lace in one of them is especially remarkable. The same artist's "Proud Maisie" (265) is a fine and striking work. Mr. T. E. Harrison's group (269-272) suggests a quaint and not unpleasant reminiscence of Mantegna. Mr. R. W. Macbeth, in his "Study in Chalk" (278), seems to have been thinking of M. Degaz, and in his "Ballet-Study in Chalk" (279) of Señor Fortuny. Both works are executed with much dash and force. Of Mr. Hallé's two portraits, "Lieutenant William C. James" (280), and "Mrs. George Salis-Schwabe" (296), we prefer the former, both as a likeness and a drawing.

The East Gallery is very rich in drawings and studies by living English artists, and it is noteworthy that some of the very finest of them deal with flowers and foliage. Sir Frederick Leighton's con-

tributions are very remarkable. Amongst many all of which are worth study, we propose to call attention to some which seem particularly striking; and we may first note "The Pozzo Corner, Venice" (394), a singularly strong and fine piece of work, which has about it an impressive sense of solidity, and "A Lemon Tree" (408), the delicacy and accuracy of which remind one of similar work by Lionardo. It is worth noting that the side of the drawing contains careful studies for the snails, and so on, which are reproduced on a much smaller scale among the leaves of the tree. Many studies of heads, and perhaps especially those numbered 411, demand attention, and the study of an arm (500), which hangs on one of the screens, is a masterly performance. People who are infected with the superstition that the smoothness which Sir F. Leighton affects in his oil-paintings is allied with weakness cannot do better than go to the Grosvenor Gallery, and there rid themselves of their vain belief. Of Mr. Poynter's many contributions, perhaps the best are found under the number 431. These have much force and truth. Mr. A. Moore's studies of foliage and flowers (441, 442, 454) are charmingly delicate and truthful, and his "Drapery Cartoon" (297) contains some admirably free and correct drawing. Mr. Burne-Jones sends a quantity of things, to criticize all of which in detail would demand a separate article. It may be said of them generally that the artist's striking merits come out chiefly in his studies of drapery, while his weakness is shown in his studies of the nude, such as "Discordia" (345). But the drapery, and some of the heads, notably 369, are thoroughly to be admired. We should mention also the "Study of Lilies" (379), the execution of which is nearly perfect. Mr. Watts's "Design for a Window in St. Paul's—The Transfiguration," shows much poetic imagination and power, and will well repay study. Mr. Marks, besides the studies and sketches for pictures which he exhibits in the East Gallery and elsewhere, has here two studies of trees (315, 317), which are as admirable as his pictures which deal with human beings. M. Legros's portraits are not satisfactory, and we confess to being thoroughly tired of heads "drawn from the life before the students of the Slade school." Mr. W. B. Richmond sends a good many comparatively unimportant studies, and a "Study of a Female Figure—Red Chalk" (325), which has much grace and beauty. Lady Lindsay sends some portraits, the best of which to our thinking is that of Mrs. Comyns Carr (333). Mr. Millais's four illustrations to "Barry Lyndon" (311-314) are admirable alike in idea and execution.

The exhibition is highly attractive, not only because it contains much that is pleasant to the eye, but also because the student of drawing may spend a good deal of time in it very profitably as well as agreeably. Indeed, for purposes of comparison the show of drawings could hardly be better.

REVIEWS.

LENTHÉRIC'S PROVENCE MARITIME.*

THIS, though it appears as a separate book, is really the third and concluding volume of one work which might be simply entitled "Provence." The first volume was entitled *Les Villes Mortes du Golfe de Lyon*, and was published in 1876; the second, which appeared in 1878, was called *La Grèce et l'Orient en Provence*; and now *La Provence Maritime* completes the series. We have never met with a work of this class more thoroughly well done. We noticed the preceding volumes at the time of their publication, and it is unnecessary to recur to them in this place; yet it would be unfair to the author to speak of his last volume as if it were an isolated effort. The three books form one important work containing more than fifteen hundred pages of text, and thirty maps, most of which are new and drawn by the author from his personal knowledge of the localities. The volumes are convenient in size and admirably printed, the maps being in three colours, for clearness. On the whole, this is by far the best work on Provence that we ever met with.

M. Lenthéric's position has been highly favourable to the production of a book of this kind. Passionately attached to archaeological studies, he has united to the knowledge of an archaeologist the training of a civil engineer; and the value of such a combination to an author who had to deal with such a subject as the Rhône and the coast of Provence is beyond estimate. No mere literary faculty, however eminent, could give the weight and solidity which M. Lenthéric derives from this double education. But he is neither tiresome as an archaeologist nor unpleasantly professional as an engineer. His knowledge is tempered by literary taste, and often enlivened by a certain degree of artistic perception, not enough to carry him away into the dangerous region of word-painting, yet enough to enable him to set the character of a locality very clearly before his readers. He has the natural gifts of local affection and observation, gifts for which no amount of knowledge acquired from others can ever supply a substitute. When M. Lenthéric describes a place, it is evident at once that he has seen it, and not only seen it, but explored it with an intel-

ligent and zealous curiosity. Nor does he see in it simply the present; he has the historical sense, and sees past and present at the same time. Again, his love for places does not lead him into the common error of those who describe their native land—the error of painting everything *couleur de rose*. What M. Lenthéric possesses of the artistic sense preserves him from such a fatal mistake. He perceives that the real superiority of Provence as a subject for description lies in its almost incredible contrasts. It is a land of horrible deserts and earthly paradises, a land which is arid in parts and in other parts well watered, a land whose plains are uglier than those of Holland, and which includes some of the most varied and most charming mountain scenery in Europe. It is not generally a pleasant country to live in, and yet there are corners of it more precisely adapted to human habitation than any other places in the world. But with all its faults, and they are many, Provence has the great merit of being always interesting to people of cultivated intelligence, to the geographer, the antiquary, and the artist. Even its most desolate regions have their own interest. Its cities are full of the poetry of the past, its rivers are grand and terrible, its sea coast is full of variety, with many a bay and creek, and at least one important salt-water loch.

In the earlier pages of M. Lenthéric's last volume we find him marking, with the precision of a true observer, the line of physical geography which separates Northern from Southern France. He speaks of the well-known voyage down the Rhône, and tells us where the voyager first enters on the true Southern land. It is when he has passed through the narrow gorge near Viviers and approaches Donzère, in the most picturesque part of the Rhône between Lyons and the sea:—

Lorsqu'on descend le Rhône de Lyon vers la mer, on voit, à partir de Valence, la vallée se resserrer peu à peu; sur la rive droite, la vieille cathédrale de Viviers dresse au sommet d'une falaise ses clochetons gothiques; les rochers se rapprochent, et le fleuve traverse une écluse étroite où les ingénieurs, à court d'espace, ont établi deux voies superposées, la route et le chemin de fer.

Au sortir de la gorge, la vallée s'ouvre tout à coup, et on entre dans ce triangle privilégié dont les Cévennes et les Alpes forment les deux côtés et la Méditerranée la base. Là, sous l'influence du soleil et de l'apré vent du Nord, la Provence revêt le climat sec qui la spécialise, et l'olivier apparaît pour la première fois sur les coteaux qui dominent le village de Donzère. C'est ainsi que finit le Nord de la France et que commence le Midi. Sur toutes les pentes, dans toutes les plaines, on le voit moutonner, "troupeau sombre et utile, le seul qui convienne à ces terrains pierreux brûlés par le soleil."

The characteristic tree of Provence is the olive, which marks the Mediterranean climate; but it is only in the extreme South of France, after having passed the mountain chains of Les Maures and L'Estérel, that the tree lives in its full vigour. As M. Lenthéric observes, it is almost pitiable in Upper Provence, and every artist would agree with him, for a more monotonous and unpicturesque tree than the ill-conditioned olive it would be difficult to name. But when once the olive gets to the land which suits it best, it becomes noble and grand, a worthy subject for art and a true decoration in nature:—

A mesure qu'on descend vers la mer et qu'on avance du côté de l'Orient, le long de cette côte merveilleuse de Provence, les oliviers prennent un caractère de plus en plus décoratif. La pâleur de leur verdure se colore et s'accroît. Leurs petites masses arrondies se développent, et l'arbrisseau devient graduellement un arbre, dont le sommet cependant ne dépasse jamais le superbe dôme des pins. . . . Il faut avoir franchi les chaînes des Maures et de l'Estérel pour le connaître et l'admirer; jusque-là on le prendrait presque en pitié; mais à partir de Cannes il devient de plus en plus splendide; on ne le taille plus; il est primitif, robuste, monumental, et s'étale dans son orgueilleuse vitalité.

M. Lenthéric is a traveller of the slow persuasion, as all real observers are. He does not like railways, and says that "modern industry has carried the means of transport to such perfection that people do not know how to pause on the road, and by knowing so well the value of time, they have ceased to know how to enjoy it." The modern world flies along the railway from Marseilles to Genoa, and has deserted the beautiful and picturesque old road along the Corniche. M. Lenthéric travels in his own way in a boat along the coast, which he considers the best conveyance for the purpose. Unfortunately, as the railways have extinguished road travelling, the steamships have done exactly the same for the old coasting vessels which called at every little port and gave a capital opportunity for really seeing the country. As soon as the steamers leave the port of the Joliette, at Marseilles, they go out to sea, and describe an immense curve to some comparatively distant port, such as Genoa, whence they take another curve to some other considerable port, and so on, which makes it impossible to examine the details of a coast; and sea-travelling has become, as M. Lenthéric maliciously observes, a question of time, money, and sea-sickness. The following quotation explains his way of coasting in his own words:—

Prenez donc une de ces modestes barques de pêche dont la forme et la voilure n'ont pas varié depuis plus de vingt siècles à la surface de toutes les mers latines; et, de même que celui qui veut connaître la Grèce antique doit délaier les sentiers battus et, Pausanias à la main, escalader les collines rocheuses, suivre à pied le lit desséché des torrents et graver les escarpements ruinés des acroïles, nous irons de port en port et d'île en île, fidèles à l'itinéraire maritime suivi il y a deux mille ans par les navigateurs grecs et phéniciens.

Nous relâcherons avec le mauvais temps, nous nous reposerons avec la nuit, nous prendrons terre dans toutes les anses et nous remonterons le cours inférieur des vallées.

The rocky Mediterranean coast, beginning at Marseilles and extending as far as the Italian frontier, is about three hundred kilo-

* *La Provence Maritime, ancienne et moderne. La Ciotat, Taurouentum, Toulon, Hyères, Les Maures et l'Estérel, Fréjus, Cannes et Lérins, Antibes, Nice et Cimiez, Menton et Monaco.* Par Charles Lenthéric, Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées. Paris: Plon. 1880.

metres long, and is full of variety in consequence of its numerous promontories and bays. There the Alps themselves may be said to come down to the sea through a succession of inferior hills, which in some places protect very highly favoured strips of land from the terrible mistral or north wind which afflicts the valley of the Rhône. M. Lenthéric gives a most uninviting description of the Rhône climate, one of the most trying climates in Europe. Its influence extends even into Lower Burgundy in the north, and beyond Arles in the south, and a more dangerous climate for delicate people could hardly be found. M. Lenthéric describes it quite accurately as passing from excessive droughts in summer to intermittent torrential deluges in the rainy season and near the equinoxes, with hurricanes which sometimes last whole weeks—all these different phenomena succeeding each other without any understood cause. The excessive severity of the winter of 1879 in the Rhône climate may be partly attributed to a displacement of the fine weather. The rain fell in summer and autumn, the fine weather came in winter, and with it an intense frost. The cold has been such that an officer on horseback was seen riding on one of the rivers of Burgundy. In 1879 the cold invaded even the sheltered region about the coast, and it is said to have caused havoc amongst the olive-trees; the vines, too, have been extensively frozen; but, as a general rule, the eastern coast of Provence is safe from winter, and justifies M. Lenthéric's assertion "c'est un pays sans hiver." The ancient Romans knew the rare merits of that extraordinary strip of land, and in modern times, especially since the invention of railways, they have been more generally appreciated than ever.

M. Lenthéric tells us that agriculture did not exist in Provence, even in the most rudimentary state, before the sixth century B.C., the ancient authors unanimously attributing to the Greeks the importation of wheat, the vine, and the olive. The Celtic population lived by hunting and fishing on those very slopes of the Rhône which are now so rich in vineyards and olive-trees. After the Roman occupation a road was made from the Rhône to the Pyrenees by the Consul Domitius Ahenobarbus, which was called after him the Via Domitia; and another road was made later by the Consul Aurelius Cotta, called the Via Aurelia, or in Provençal the Camin Aurelian, and in modern French La Voie Aurélienne. M. Lenthéric gives a chapter to this Aurelian Way, along which we have not space to follow him. It is a nice subject for the disputes of local antiquaries, which we are of course quite unable to settle. According to our author's map, the road went by Vintimille and Mentone, whence, passing a little to the north of Monaco and Nice, it crossed the Var and passed through Antibes, Cannes, La Napoule, and Fréjus, where it left the coast and went inland to Aix. At Aix it separated into two branches—one of them going southwards to Marseilles and the other westwards. The branches met again near the modern village of Aureilles, and went together to Arles, where the road joined the Domitian Way to Spain.

The coral fishery at Cassis used to be a source of prosperity for the place. Boats came from considerable distances along the coast and fished the coral, which was generally prepared for the market at Cassis itself. Unluckily for the inhabitants of that place, coral has been going out of fashion by a slow decline in its popularity which has continued for nearly a century, and the fishery is now completely abandoned by the inhabitants. Occasionally a Spanish boat or two will come and drag for coral, but that is all. A new trade, the construction of steamers, has made La Ciotat prosperous; but it has little other trade, that which it has being confined to the necessities for its working population, which are brought in boats, and to the fishery, which is active. La Ciotat suffers from an irremediable geographical misfortune. It is shut out from the rest of Provence by a barrier of hills behind it, and there is no open valley through them to make communication easy. The land immediately about the town is an arid desert, with nothing but poor grey olive-trees on the grey rocks.

M. Lenthéric has an interesting chapter entitled "Une Ville Gréco-Romaine disparue," in which he gives an account of the vanished city of Tauroentum. The position which it occupied appears to be known with certainty, though the remains are scarcely perceptible above the surface of the ground. Excavations undertaken at different times have fixed the position of the city in a bay called "Le Golfe des Lèques," between La Ciotat and Bandol. Unluckily the movement of the sand has always buried what had been laid open by digging, so that the antiquary has to trust to the accounts of his predecessors. The peasants destroyed what they could, using the place as a quarry, as they always do use such remains when they have an opportunity. M. Millin, of the Institute, who resumed the diggings at the beginning of this century, came to the conclusion that the ruins were only those of a very important and magnificent villa; but a subsequent explorer, the Abbé Magloire Giraud, did much to bring the lost city to light; and M. Lenthéric gives a summary of these studies and explorations. The place appears to have been originally the site of a Greek colony independent of Marseilles. Afterwards it became a Roman watering-place, probably of considerable splendour, if we may judge by the quantities of precious marbles and mosaics and fragments of colonnades which have been discovered there. Nobody knows precisely when Tauroentum ceased to exist, but M. Lenthéric gives some reasons for supposing that it may have been about the eleventh century.

The little known *pays des Maures*, a hilly region between Hyères and Fréjus, seems to be worth exploring, especially for

artists, from the rich abundance of fine rocky and sylvan scenery. The soil is granitic with quartz and serpentine, and the rocks are grey or rose-colour, often glittering in the sun, whilst the sands are remarkably fine and beautiful. M. Lenthéric goes so far as to say that the vegetation is probably the richest in all Europe, and certainly the most varied. The heights are crowned with pines, ilex, cork-oak, and magnificent chestnuts. Lower down the hills of a moderate height are planted with vines and olives, whilst the bottoms of the valleys are rich in fruit-trees, in flowering shrubs, and in odoriferous plants. The arbutus, the pomegranate, lavender, myrtle, mastic-tree, cytissus, and "great heaths almost arborescent" are scattered in profusion. Here is a description of the bay of St. Tropez, the ancient Sambracitanus Sinus, which enters like a salt-water loch into this beautiful region:—

Le golfe de Saint-Tropez, en particulier, qui s'enfonce profondément dans le cœur du massif des Maures, est à lui seul un pays complet avec ses montagnes primitives, ses masses plutoniques de serpentine, ses buttes volcaniques, son fleuve en miniature et sa plaine d'alluvions. C'est une véritable terre promise qui porte au plus haut degré le cachet de l'Orient; et les Arabes qui l'ont occupée au dixième et au onzième siècle ont pu réellement s'y croire dans leur pays d'origine. Comme dans certaines vallées fertiles et tempérées de l'Asie Mineure, les ruisseaux coulent entre deux haies de lauriers roses aussi serrés que les orangers du grand Rhône; les orangers et les citronniers vivent en pleine terre; les arbres à cédrats y produisent des fruits d'un volume extraordinaire; les palmiers eux-mêmes ne se contentent pas de projeter leurs tiges élégantes et donnent quelquefois des dattes aussi savoureuses que celles des oasis de l'Afrique et de la Syrie.

Some of the valleys of this favoured region, "all but unknown," are protected in winter from the cold north winds and refreshed in summer by cool damp breezes from the sea. M. Lenthéric speaks of it as "ce pays sans pareil," and yet, by one of those contrasts common in Provence, it is close to the rude country of l'Esterel, which M. Lenthéric calls "ce pays âpre et désert," a country of wild rocky hills with naked crests admirably described in the eighth chapter of this volume. Then you come to Cannes, that singularly favoured spot, where the temperature does not go down to freezing point and does not rise so high as in the northern cities of Europe. De Saussure described it in 1787 as a wretched hamlet inhabited by a few sailors. Lord Brougham discovered it in 1831, and, what was much more, discovered its merits and made them known. The best proof of the extraordinary mildness of the climate at Cannes is the wonderful variety of its vegetation, strikingly described by M. Lenthéric in the following paragraph:—

A Cannes, plus que partout ailleurs sur la côte de Provence, les végétations des climats opposés se fondent dans une admirable promiscuité. Ce paysage est véritablement unique, et l'on se croirait parfois transporté dans une immense serre où se trouveraient réunis par des moyens artificiels les sujets les plus disparates. La plaine est couverte d'orangers et de citronniers, au milieu desquels émergent de distance en distance des éventails de palmiers et des tiges d'aloès; les coteaux sont couronnés de pins parasols dont les grandes têtes majestueuses rappellent les sites classiques de la campagne romaine; le fond du tableau est tapissé de forêts de pins noirs et serrés, semblables à une draperie sévère au-dessus de laquelle se profilent les lignes pures des Alpes rayonnantes dans leurs neiges éternelles; et l'on voit ainsi groupés dans le même cadre les grands conifères du Nord, les oliviers de la Provence, les fruits dorés et embaumés des Baléares, les lauriers-roses de l'Asie Mineure et les végétaux épineux du Tell algérien.

ASHWELL'S LIFE OF BISHOP WILBERFORCE.*

THE reviewer's difficulties are at their greatest when he has to handle the unfinished biography, by an author who can write no more, of a man still a contemporary, although dead long enough for many most important things, in which he would have been foremost, to have happened since his death, while his claim on the regard of posterity had been a life of continuous action and various progress. One book, one campaign, one discovery may sometimes have made a man's entire popular fame, and so the memoir which includes or excludes that single event will or will not be his sufficient record. A Life of Gibbon which stopped short of the *Decline and Fall*, of Robert Lee which ended before the Virginian campaign, or of Jenner which closed with vaccination undiscovered, would be simply useless, except perhaps to the special student of character, and, with such limited usefulness, could be easily handled. But with Samuel Wilberforce life was a constant series of events, larger or smaller as it might happen, locking into each other and producing a result large in its complexity, and better measured by its effects upon others than by any definite production. No single book, or speech, or Act of Parliament, or institution stands forward as his specific claim for remembrance; but, while the whole Church of England, in its efficiency and in its tone, is different from and better than it used to be within living memory, a great proportion of this improvement is due to the work of Bishop Wilberforce. At the moment of his death we tendered our estimate of Bishop Wilberforce as a Churchman, and to what we then said we adhere. We gave the picture of the active, powerful Bishop as he presented himself in our own sight. Of this article we shall only quote a single sentence written as it all was only four days after the Bishop's death:—"The fact that he had worked himself into this position out of the ranks of the 'ci-devant' Puritan (and now Evangelical) party, to

* *Life of the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards of Winchester.* By A. R. Ashwell, M.A., late Canon of Chichester. Vol. I. London: John Murray. 1880.

† *Saturday Review*, July 26, 1873.

which he had belonged in days when it seemed to represent the deepest popular earnestness, was in reality an element of strength, saving him as it did, on the one side, from conventionality, and on the other, absolving him from having to gather at second hand the opinions of those he was refuting." We regard this broad fact as the key to the Bishop's whole history, inclusive, we may add, of the asperity with which he was so often pursued by those who considered him as a deserter from their side; so we desire now to place it in renewed prominence. We have some dread indeed that the very completeness and minuteness of the facts which Canon Ashwell narrates, to a great extent by an able and laborious interweaving of the Bishop's own letters, may obscure its significance; so we are still more emphatic in its reassertion. At the same time we believe that, owing to that same minuteness and to the fairness of the biographer, we shall be able to make our point good out of the materials which he himself has purveyed, in spite of the inherent difficulty of proving a case from the brief of another party. We are certain not only that we are the best friends to the memory of Bishop Wilberforce by taking this way of dealing with his earlier clerical life, but that we should be very bad friends to many other universally respected men if we evaded it. To put the case plainly, if Samuel Wilberforce was, down to 1848, the type of a consistent Anglican High Churchman, more persons than we dare to recapitulate, from John Keble and Bishop Phillpotts to Dr. Hook and Professor Mozley, would have found it difficult to vindicate their claims to that character.

His conscientiousness was, we are sure, not inferior to theirs during that period; but it was a conscientiousness which led him to think, to speak, and to act, in a way widely different from their words and deeds. For Bishop Wilberforce in his later phase we have, as we expressed in that article, a genuine and broad, although discriminative admiration, and we repeat our conviction that we are paying the most friendly tribute as well as doing the truest justice to his memory when we endeavour within our narrow limit to show how much space he must have traversed in that little span of time to reach the level which he will occupy in the eye of posterity. The earlier years of his episcopacy already go back beyond the birth of many who claim to be heard on grave concerns of Church and State, and to some of these it may now come as a surprise to learn the process by which the really great Bishop of Oxford and Winchester grew out of an energetic, picturesque, lovable, clever, but not quite great Archdeacon of Surrey and Dean of Westminster. The fact fairly faced really makes for Samuel Wilberforce's greatness, for to grow in opinions is no discredit to any man, although, if he is wise and tolerant, he will not reckon consistency in his own old views on the part of other men as an unaccountable, if not indefensible, mystery of Providence.

The position from which we make our survey is that every definite and progressive High Churchman during the period in question must have been more or less a Tractarian. It is probable that they are now sufficiently ancient for persons in general to have but a misty idea of what the *Tracts for the Times*, or, as they were commonly called, the "Oxford Tracts," really were, and the present generation may therefore be ill able to appreciate the vagueness of that illusive appellation "Tractarian" applied to persons who were supposed to favour the views set out in that series. The Tracts were ninety in number—the first of them published on September 9, 1833, and the ninetieth on February 2, 1841. The shortest was four pages in length, and the longest 398; and the character of the compositions varied from the simplest expositions, adapted to rustic comprehensions, to very abstruse theological treatises, while some of the most noticeable were reprinted essays, or *catenæ* from standard Anglican divines, marshalling their views in chronological order, both as cumulative arguments upon their respective subjects and as evidence that the Tract writers, whether right or wrong, were so in company with divines of acknowledged authority as leaders of what is now known as the Historical High Church party. In putting these *catenæ* forward as portions of the series, their editors claimed for them an authority at least equal to the tracts of original authorship. A series so diversified, and running on for so many years, naturally covered the largest portion of the field of ecclesiastical literature; but there was one topic upon which the Tracts were from first to last what would now be called inconceivably silent—the ceremonial of worship. So far did this indifference go that, in one which minutely compared the first and second Prayer-Books of Edward VI., not the slightest reference can be found to the difference of the vestures prescribed by the two formularies. Yet one of the Tracts, which gave most offence to gainsayers, was a minute account of the Breviary, only differing from that which filled several columns of the *Times* a few days since in being decidedly less complimentary. A Tract by Dr. Pusey, the bulkiest of the series, on "Scriptural Views of Holy Baptism," published at the close of 1835, had a hot reception; but rather from the sternness of its doctrine than from any imputation of Popery. Much unpopularity was also incurred by a very ingenious essay, which appeared as late as 1840 (No. 87), by Mr. Isaac Williams—which would certainly have, with more prudence, been issued as a separate personal publication—on "Reserve in Communicating Religious Knowledge," in which temperate and sensible warnings against the prevalent irreverence of the age were unfortunately mixed up with and illustrated by an apology for that "*Disciplina Arcani*" which the Primitive Church, beleaguered and persecuted by Paganism, adopted in self-defence.

It was as easy as it was unfair to distort this tract into a defence of disingenuousness and falsehood, and the prototypes of the *Rock* did not miss their opportunity. Then came the famous Tract 90, by Mr. Newman—which probably stands to this generation as the whole series of Tracts—offering an interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles which would undoubtedly raise much controversy, but hardly persecution, in the present day.

Such were the Oxford Tracts, of which it is not too much to say that, placing Tract 90 in a category of its own, and admitting the sternness of Dr. Pusey's view of post-baptismal sin, and the inopportune of Mr. Williams's vindication of the "*Disciplina Arcani*," and taking note of a tendency in one or two discussions to a mystical interpretation of texts, the series, as a whole, would be accepted and justified, we do not say by the men who boast of being Ritualists, but by that body of divines from which Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield make their selection when they desire to appoint a bishop or a dean agreeable to the High Church party.

A considerable portion of the unpopularity of the Tracts at the time of their publication was due to the anger which they aroused, not among Low Churchmen, but among the ranks of the then old High Church party—the "High and Dry," as they were called—who felt that the plain-speaking of these young men was a reproach to their own laziness and ignorance. But a Churchman who was neither High and Dry nor yet Evangelical, and who called himself a High Churchman, must by the nature of things have been a Tractarian up at least to the extent which we have striven to point out, and with every reserve of confidence in particular men. He must have been so, and shown that he was such by his conduct. That is, he must, at least, have acted as Dr. Hook did. This, then, is the test by which we desire to try Mr. Wilberforce's theological position during the Tractarian and post-Tractarian epoch, presuming that the more abatements we may find in the claim set up for him of having been a genuine High Churchman, i.e. quasi-Tractarian during that period, the more remarkable do we estimate the position which he was able to take up in his later career. If we were to seek from our present cast of Church parties for a type of Church opinions which would most accurately represent those which were promoted by the Rector of Brighton, Archdeacon of Surrey, and Dean of Westminster, we should say that they bore considerable affinities to the system of Church policy advocated in the pastoral issued shortly after his consecration by the present Bishop of Rochester. They were eclectic upon a Low Church foundation but with High Church accretions, enhanced in Mr. Wilberforce's case by his consistent belief in Baptismal Regeneration, a doctrine which, to our surprise, he states in one of his letters had always been held by his father. We do not pretend to guess what would have been the future of the Church of England if there had at that period been any considerable party agreeing with Mr. Wilberforce. As it was, his nearly peculiar attitude was a cause of real injury to the men whom (with a totally impossible exclusion of "Tractarians") he at the time believed himself protecting. The truth is, that all through that crisis the Tract writers were both misrepresented and cruelly used, not so much by the Evangelicals, who were consistently and conscientiously bound to oppose them, as by a worldly, selfish section of "High and Dry," who coldly assented where they ought to have gratefully accepted, and who hedged every grudging instalment of intellectual agreement by vindictive and unfair handling of the men who were in trouble. How many of the body shook off the chilling influence of their unworthy companions, those whose memory carries back so far will easily recollect. Enough, however, took the less worthy part to do great mischief to the Church of England.

The Tractarians undoubtedly acted with very great imprudence on some occasions, for they were young and they were provoked into unjustifiable retaliation. We are not referring to what incidents after the cessation of the Tracts as Mr. W. G. Ward's monstrous swagger about accepting the Articles in a non-natural sense, and Mr. Oakeley's claim as an English clergyman to hold all Roman doctrine. But so early as the end of 1837 even such men as Mr. Newman and Mr. Keble committed an act of reckless impolicy in publishing without due excision the "*Remains*" of R. H. Froude. The book was far from establishing any bias on the author's part towards joining those whom, as his own exclamations show, he got to think worse and worse of, and whom at last he called "wretched Tridintines everywhere." But that knowledge of human nature with which one at least of the editors was abundantly gifted might have hinted to them that the language in which the writer indulged about the characters and the motives of the Reformers was wholly unsuited to the people at whose heads it was projected. The men of that day indeed would probably have been infuriated at such a biography of Crammer as the one published in later times by the model Anglican, Dr. Hook; but so much the more reason not to have pelted them with Froude's hard sayings. It was a curious complication of ill-luck that the very leaders who were so soon destined to be abused for their advocacy of the "*Disciplina Arcani*" should have got the Church of England into such troubled waters by so flagrant an instance of unreserve in communicating religious knowledge.

This has been a very long prelude, but it will much shorten the practical application of our consideration of Mr. Wilberforce's history, as to whom we are constrained to say that his eclectic course had an unfortunate proclivity for working to the disadvantage of the persecuted Tractarians. They had, indeed, no right to expect support from the relation, the nominee, and

the intimate friend of Bishop Sumner of Winchester, and equally the relation and (though not so intimately) the friend of Bishop Sumner of Chester, who made himself conspicuous by attributing the Oxford Tracts in one of his charges to Satanic influence. When he had become Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Wilberforce was Bishop of Oxford, their relations were very different. But then Bishop Wilberforce had become in reality a High Churchman.

Canon Ashwell's unconscious evidence to our position is the more valuable because he had clearly entered upon his work with the fixed idea that the Bishop had always been a High Churchman. Very early in it (p. 54) he says, under date 1830, but in a synoptical passage:—"He was a Churchman and a High Churchman from the first; men like Mr. Hurrell Froude were among his intimate associates; he repeatedly expresses the keenest admiration for the intellect and powers of John Henry Newman." On this we may remark, that we trust that intellectual admiration of Mr. Newman's powers is no proof of theological bias in one direction or in the other. Besides, during all the period of Samuel Wilberforce's University career Mr. Newman was himself only in a state of progressive emergence from Evangelicalism. In the *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (pp. 76-77) he says of Mr. Keble:—"At the time when I was elected Fellow of Oriel he was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years in consequence of the marks which I bore upon me of the Evangelical and Liberal schools. At least so I have ever thought. Hurrell Froude brought us together about 1828." As to Froude himself, Mr. Wilberforce's estimate of him, when the publication of his "Remains" had revealed his innermost thoughts, partook more of what Canon Ashwell, in the sentence before the one we have quoted, calls "freedom of criticism" than "balance of judgment." The third-named associate, Mr. Frederick Oakeley, who still lives to show that a convert can be tolerant, himself began as a very low Churchman, while, indeed, we believe that the suddenness with which he assimilated the High Church view was a cause of somewhat amused surprise to his Oxford friends. As early as January 1834, in a letter to his brother R. L. (afterwards Archdeacon) Wilberforce, while terming Newman's *Arians* "a glorious book," and adding, "I have never read any except 'The Christian Year' and Bishop Butler which gave me such purely intellectual gratification," Mr. Wilberforce finds in it remarks on preaching which are "likely to be very (sic) injurious," and a quotation from one of the Epistles to the Corinthians "entirely misrepresented," while he taxes the work with "a dangerous spirit often visible, something of harshness," and discovers "a lowering view of doctrine, connected with, and in him justified by, high poetical feelings and holy habits, all of which, I think, make it very dangerous." When Mr. Wilberforce wrote this his sympathy with the High Church movement, as represented by Mr. Newman, was probably at the highest, and the subject-matter of the book so severely criticized was that one of its author's earliest publications which most completely removes his readers from the harassing conflicts of Rome, England, and Geneva to the great struggle of the Primitive Church for the Orthodox Faith. In a letter of rather more than two years' later date, April 1, 1836, he talks to his lady correspondent with enthusiasm of "some very long conversations" with Newman on deep religious subjects "as really most sublime as an exhibition of human intellect," in which the same tendency to limit sympathy for Mr. Newman to his intellectual side again makes itself visible. In the same letter Mr. Wilberforce records the death of R. H. Froude as that of a "mighty intellect," adding that "he was, I think, upon the whole, possessed of the most original powers of thought of any man I have ever known intimately." In another letter to a different friend of two months later, Mr. Wilberforce calls attention to the two first volumes of his *Tracts for the Times* with the remark that the "view of Baptism" seems to him "pushed too far." Advancing a year and a half we find the following significant passage from Mr. Wilberforce's diary, in which he always talks with thorough unreserve, under date November 24, 1837, which we give with his own italics, premising that the bishop named is his own relation and chief, the Low Church leader, Sumner of Winchester:—"Bishop's letter with my Southampton sermon—perplexed. I am in a false position with him. I do not hold what he *rightly* dislikes in Pusey and Newman, &c., and hardly know how to disavow *this* without seeming also to disavow what I *do* hold, being more High Church in *feeling* than he is." We need hardly pause to point out how little was then involved in being "more High Church in *feeling*" than Bishop Sumner of Winchester.

At the end of 1837 came the unlucky publication of Froude's "Remains," of which Mr. Wilberforce says that he fears "they will do irreparable injury." Certainly with him they seem to have markedly, and, considering his views, naturally, strengthened the anti-Tractarian bias. In January 1838, writing to a friend who was obviously defending the Tracts, he has "some fears," of which the "principal" are that they "will lead to the depression of true individual spirituality of mind." By March 25, 1838, his indignation at the revelation of the inner mind of R. H. Froude—his "intimate associate," according to Canon Ashwell, and whom he himself says he had known intimately—"contained in the published journals," reaches such a pitch that in his own journal he says:—"They are most instructive to me, will exceedingly discredit Church principles, and show an *amazing* want of Christianity, so far. They are Henry Martyn *unchristianized*."

In July 1838 a purely personal event occurred which clearly

hurt Mr. Wilberforce very much. Mr. Newman declined to accept further contributions from him to the *British Critic*, because, in his words, "to say frankly what I feel—I am not confident enough in your general approval of the body of opinions which Pusey and myself hold, to consider it advisable that we should co-operate very closely." Mr. Wilberforce, in a letter of a few weeks later to his friend, the present Sir Charles Anderson, remarks:—"Newman has just, very kindly towards me, but, as I think, very unwisely, declined receiving more articles from me in the 'British Critic.'" Considering that the *raison d'être* of that Review was being the organ of the then High Church party, as understood by the Oxford Tractarian leaders, and presuming that Mr. Wilberforce's opinions were no secret to Mr. Newman, we think him fully justified as an editor in what he did. In whatever periodicals Mr. Wilberforce might appropriately write, he was clearly out of place, however brilliant as an author, in one which took its keynote from Mr. Newman.

In 1839 we read, in reference to a new volume of Mr. Newman's sermons, "Their tone and standard magnificent, for holiness and separateness from the world, but I think too little Evangelic." At the same time, in evidence of the eclectic position which, as we contend, Mr. Wilberforce intentionally filled, a large portion of the summer of 1839 was occupied by a speaking and preaching circuit for the Propagation of the Gospel Society in Devonshire and Cornwall, timed so as to coincide with Bishop Phillpotts' Visitation tour. At the end of that year he became Archdeacon of Surrey.

The time was now hurrying on when churchmen had to show, by something more active and public than letters and notes in journals, whether they were for or against the *Tracts for the Times*. Tract 90 appeared in January 1841, and the era of active persecution began. In the late autumn of the same year an acrimonious contest for the Poetry Professorship at Oxford was imminent between Isaac Williams, a good candidate though unwisely recommended for the chair on the ground of his being a High Churchman, and Mr. Garbett (afterwards Archdeacon of Lewes), started against him as a Low Churchman, in which Archdeacon Wilberforce ranged himself so vehemently on Mr. Garbett's side as a protest against the Tractarians, that he resisted as unfair to his candidate a suggestion proceeding from Mr. Gladstone—at that time (though Canon Ashwell omits to notice it) in Sir Robert Peel's Government as Vice-President of the Board of Trade—to avoid a contest by withdrawing both candidates. A private comparison of promises, we may observe, showed that Mr. Garbett was certain to win, and so Mr. Williams retired. The significance of this action of Mr. Wilberforce, as marking the place he was then desirous of taking among Church parties, cannot be minimized, for Mr. Garbett was a strong Low Church partisan, and his opponent for a post of literary honour—not of theological teaching—was not Dr. Pusey, nor Mr. Newman, nor his co-editor of Froude's "Remains," Mr. Keble, but only Mr. Isaac Williams, of whom the worst that could be said was, that he wrote the much abused Tract on "Reserve." This significance is increased by an incident which occurred shortly before—we do not refer to Archdeacon Wilberforce's support in 1841 of the ill-conceived Jerusalem Bishopric project, for that was countenanced by a section of pronounced High Churchmen, including Dr. Hook, so we do not insist on the fact. But referring to the same year, and quoting Canon Ashwell, "Through life Samuel Wilberforce and Walter Farquhar Hook were fast friends, but when in April 1841 the Vicar of Leeds, exasperated by some manifestations of factious opposition, published a letter to the Bishop of Ripon [Longley] in which he urged that the time had come for High Churchmen to act together as a party, Archdeacon Wilberforce could write as follows to his friend [now Sir C. Anderson], who approved it. . . . 'Hook's letter pained me deeply. It is the very opposite of his own "Call to Union," and it seems to me really quite dreadful that he should avow that he thinks it a duty to split into a party.' We are thoroughly convinced of the absolute sincerity and earnestness with which Archdeacon Wilberforce wrote this; but, in the very proportion of such conviction, we must be allowed to demur to the claims to have then been a High Churchman preferred in behalf of the divine who could write this in the critical year 1841, just after the four tutors and the Heads of Houses had mustered their forces against Tract 90, and who could, later on in the same year, insist on Mr. Garbett going to the poll against Isaac Williams when an amicable compromise was in question. We do not—as we must again explain, for fear of appearing harsh or unjust towards Archdeacon S. Wilberforce—contest his claim to be recognized as representing an eclecticism in which there were many High Church elements; but he abdicated the position of absolute High Churchman in calling Dr. Hook's rally to form a High Church party "dreadful," and then in joining the Garbett party move. We could strengthen our position by quoting some doctrinal statements, but we confine ourselves to overt actions.

Contemporaneously with the election to the chair of Poetry, Bishop Sumner of Winchester was charging against the unfortunate Tractarians in language which elicited this comment from his Archdeacon in his journal:—"Bishop most kind; but *cheu* too little Church in his conscientious opposition to Tract errors. Tendency of this must be to form all into 2 sects: one 'Anti-Church,' the other, 'Tract' instead of Church-anti-Tract versus Newman." Here it will be observed that the antagonist set up to be discomfited is not Tract 90, or any other of the series, but the series itself in its entirety; and, as we contend, repudiation of the Tracts in their entirety could be ill distinguished from re-

pudding of High Churchmanship as a consistent system, although even a very clever man might persuade himself that it was compatible with an inconsistent system of personal eclecticism.

We must hurry on to 1845 and the double vendetta on the part of the Convocation of Oxford with which it commenced, of the condemnation of Mr. W. G. Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church* and his own degradation from his degrees of M.A. and B.A. That book, with much beauty and instruction in many passages, was, as a whole, clearly indefensible as the teaching voice of an Anglican clergyman. But the combined persecution of man and of book, intended, as it was, by its contrivers to put down Tractarianism at Oxford, was one of the not very remote causes of a recoil by which something very different was set up in the same University. The Heads of Houses originally devised a third and still more monstrous proposal—namely, a new test, whereby all who subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles were henceforward, in Canon Ashwell's words, to do so "first in that sense in which they [the subscribers] *ex animo* believed them to have been first put forth, and, next, in that sense in which the University now proposed them for signature"—a claim of infallibility just a quarter of a century antecedent to the Vatican Council. Archdeacon S. Wilberforce keenly exposed the absurdity of this suggestion in a letter to his brother Archdeacon R. I. Wilberforce, and threw out as a proposed substitute a simple anti-Roman declaration; yet in a later letter to his brother he says, in reference to the unlucky proposal:—"But I feel that something is necessary to defend integrity of subscription; and, if nothing else can be devised, I am far from certain that I shall not support this. I am clear that, as at present advised, I cannot vote against it." Fortunately there was enough of common sense in the dominant powers of Oxford to cause it to be dropped. But the condemnation of the book was carried in the Convocation by 776 to 386, and the degradation of Mr. Ward by 569 to 511. Dr. Hook, Mr. Keble, the present Bishop of Salisbury, and Mr. Gladstone, were among those who voted in the minority on both consecutive occasions, and Dr. Tait voted for the condemnation, but against the degradation. Archdeacon S. Wilberforce voted both for condemnation and degradation. The impolicy and injustice of this vindictive proceeding were well defined by anticipation in a letter addressed to Archdeacon S. Wilberforce while the matter was still under debate:—"The question is concerning the theological character of the University. Laxity of discipline, though deplorable, is intelligible, and is distinguishable from a state of indifference; but if these reins are to be drawn tight, what shall we say if the relative proportions of heresy and inferior error are to be inverted? The University is bound to defend its lawful tests; but yet more to defend the Faith." These are the words of Mr. Gladstone; his letter is addressed from Hawarden, and is dated December 29, 1844—that is, the thirty-fifth birthday of the writer, the actual central day of his whole life so far as it has run between that of his birth and that seventieth birthday of which we lately heard so much, and on which a specimen of a similar judicial and tolerant calmness would have been so refreshing.

The year 1845 witnessed before it ended the secession of Mr. Newman and some of his friends. During it also Archdeacon S. Wilberforce, after a short tenure of the Deanery of Westminster, was consecrated Bishop of Oxford. Canon Ashwell's history of that memorable and noble episcopate only extends to the close of 1848, just taking in the Hampden trouble. We shall have something more to say on this part of his volume.

THE SHAH AGAIN.*

IT would be interesting to know what the people of Persia think of the writings of their ruler. Do they buy and praise them as the people of some Western countries praise and buy royal diaries? Or do they sniff the sniff of the mocker and the critical person? To European readers the Shah's diaries seem harmless anachronisms. In the tiles of his native land we often see representations of a mild, weary-eyed king riding gently through fields bright with tulips, while a conventional buck jumps away from the languid sportsman. The Shah's new Diary is rather like these tiles done into English prose. Whenever he has a chance he falls to writing about the flowers in the fields where he passes. His pages are *semds*, so to speak, with tulips and hyacinths. The bucks ran away from him, too, in the woods of Baden, where, as we shall see, his success as a sportsman gave equal pleasure to himself and to the humorists in his train. He has to write, of course, about other matters—military, railways, picture galleries, the Paris Exhibition, the hospitalities of Emperors and Presidents. It was to see these curiosities that he rode, and drove, and entrusted his sacred person to trains and steamboats. He moves out of his quiet country, he rides along roads that run between the flowers and the snow, and he passes into the fairyland of the West. But its prodigies of mechanism do not surprise him; he takes everything on the same level, and is as much interested by a pretty girl rowing on a lake in Paris as by the manufacture of rifles and cartridges. Circuses and the feats of acrobats excite him more than most things; and throughout he manifests a deep

abiding joy in the consciousness that he is Shah of Persia. His Diary is like the diary of a laborious and not very shrewd child, and we are as glad to reach *finis* as the wandering monarch was to arrive at Teheran.

It was in the year of the Leopard 1294, on the last day of Rabbi 'ul avval, that the Shah set his face to the West, and, with a retinue of tent-pitchers, horsemen, and charioteers, made for the Russian frontier. His progress must have been picturesque enough, and it would have been pleasant to see his encampment glittering in some meadow, lying beside an ice-cold river, between mountains, "red, yellow, green, and violet-coloured." The Shah seems to like nothing better than the view of a peaceful landscape; that is his contemplative recreation. Here is a description of the banks of the Danube, into which he has put more feeling than usual:—

The steamer continued her course down the river until we completely lost sight of the city. The country here is well wooded, and the river-banks are grassy and full of flowers. The trees resemble willows, and not being very high, permit air and light to enter freely into the forest. The leaves of the trees were beautifully green, and looked as if they had just been washed. . . . I heard not a sound, except occasionally that of a little bird singing sweetly, as he skipped from tree to tree. Going down the river we could hear at intervals the cry of some black geese and falcons, accompanied every now and then by the noise of a steamer. If it had been in my power I should have liked not to have returned to the city at all, but to have continued the voyage as far as Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary.

He does not journey with his eyes shut to mere scenery, like St. Bernard, who travelled for a day beside the Lake of Geneva without even noticing the existence of what the Americans call "the handsomest of the Swiss lakes." The view of the Gokcheh is thus described:—"The lake looked very pleasant with its clear and dark blue slightly rippling waters, which are sweet, and harbour a good many trout." One would like to wet the "Harriet" and the "Professor" in the dark blue slightly rippling waters.

On crossing the Russian frontier, the Shah found himself warmly welcomed everywhere, especially by the Mussulmans and Armenians. We seldom hear, on good authority, how monarchs like being mobbed and cheered. The Shah obviously likes it; he does not even much mind listening to the "addresses" of provincial mayors. In Moscow, he says, "the delight of the people was great, and, as we passed, there arose tremendous cries of 'Hurrah!' and an indescribable shouting; verily, it must have been from excess of pleasure, and quite spontaneous." The Nihilists, it seems, do not count the Shah among the crowned heads with whom they wage war. In Russia the circus was perfection, and the Czar was immensely kind and hospitable:—

The Emperor and all his sons, and the other princes and nobles, came to our rooms half an hour before the appointed time. With great amiability and kindness they accompanied me through the many salons to the private rooms of the Emperor. We had a long conversation, and then, accompanied by the Emperor, went to the apartments of the Empress. We sat down a little, and after some friendly conversation we rose. As my *paletôt* was not ready when we reached the foot of the palace stairs, the Emperor threw his own over my shoulder. I put it on, and said: "Now that I wear your *paletôt* I am sure that my journey will be an auspicious one." The Emperor and I then entered an open carriage and we left.

In Germany the Shah arrived just in time for Nobiling's attempt to murder the Kaiser. "Praise be to God that the helmet was on his head, or he could not have escaped; the whole of the helmet was riddled with shot." Though sincerely sorry for his host, the Shah was not much moved by this event. He either did not speculate on Socialism at all (as an intelligent Oriental should have done), or he kept his ideas to himself. This is the weak point of the Shah; he declines to look at things from an Oriental, or a Royal, or a Moslem, or any other unusual point of view. He simply follows the advice of Mrs. Gamp, and "takes things as they comes, and as they goes." We defy analysis to get any particularly Eastern ideas out of his book; or, for that matter, any ideas at all. One might as well ask a panorama for ideas.

The Shah is most amusing as a sportsman. He does not seem to be a very quick shot; at least the Baden deer are too fleet for him:—

The keepers again pointed out a suitable spot, and again we stood still. They and their dogs beat the bush, and I was standing somewhat below looking out for a shot, when suddenly the dogs began to bark, and a buck passed me like lightning. I then quickly went a little higher, and another buck came past. He ran very swiftly, and the branches of the trees also prevented my seeing him properly. I fired, but did not hit him. . . . We saw some more bucks grazing in the middle of an open space, but they caught sight of one of the beaters and ran off; I fired with a bullet, but missed. Tired and in great perspiration I entered the carriage, and went home.

On another occasion, after the Shah had fired vaguely at the place where he supposed the deer might be, two fine bucks were brought to him as the spoil of his rifle. "All were greatly astonished. I perspired much," he says, and, indeed, he seems to have been always perspiring. At pigeon-shooting, however, he was more than a match for the Giaours, who were either excellent courtiers or execrable shots:—

A little lower down lies the pigeon-shooting place, a long wooden pavilion, in which we sat down. The Russian minister at Baden, some other persons, a tall young man named Metternich, who was one of the pigeon-shooters, and the officers from Baden, were there. The shooting began. A person sat on a chair having before him a contrivance connected underground with the pigeon-boxes. On the ground, at the distance of about thirty paces from him, stood about ten boxes, and in each box had been put a live pigeon. The person who intends to shoot stands in front of the man, and aims at a box. When he says "Pull," the man knocks an instru-

* *A Second Tour in Europe*. By the Shah of Persia. Translated by Albert Houtum Schindler and Baron Louis de Norman. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1879.

ment looking like a pestle to the ground, one of the cage-like boxes immediately opens, a pigeon flies out of it, and the sportsman quickly fires. The Europeans shot first. Whatever they fired at they missed, although the distance for the shot to travel was small; we had to shoot with small shot. I then fired four shots, one after the other, and did not miss once. Mehdi Quli Khan and Jafer Quli Khan, the chief page, also hit. The Europeans altogether made only a single hit.

The Shah is as clever with the spear as with the "shot-gun." At the museum at St. Germain he and his friends threw spears at a mark, both from the hand, like the *jerid*, and with the throwing-throw or *amentum*. The Europeans present only threw some twenty paces:—

I then threw one, simply by force of the arm and hand, and it went to a distance of a hundred paces, and I have thrown even further than that. . . . It is the custom in Persia to practise throwing the *jerid*—which the French call javelot—and I have had much practice in throwing it, and for that reason I was enabled to throw the spear so far; it is less a question of strength than of skill.

At the museum the Shah was shown many prehistoric implements; he refers them to a period anterior to, or contemporary with, the Noachian deluge.

In Strasburg he was struck by the "sorrowful faces" of the people. In Paris the Exhibition and the manners of the cabmen divided his attention. "If I wished to write a description of the Exhibition," he says, "I should have to find a book the size of the *Shāhnāmah* and write from now until the closing of the Exhibition every day for twenty-four hours without ceasing, and even then I should only have written a tenth or hundredth part of the description, and many things I should not be able to describe at all." The Shah, therefore, abandoned his ambition to write a catalogue and to rival Mr. Sala's descriptions. He went to see his dentist, and we learn, with respectful sympathy, that "Hybennet, at Teheran, had filled a hollow tooth of my left upper jaw; but the filling had become loose, and Hybennet could not get it out; but when Chrétien had worked at it for some days, it finally came out. I was very glad, and am going to have the tooth filled anew." No passage in the Shah's Diary surpasses this one in thrilling personal interest. It may, however, excite Professor Blackie more to learn from the Shah that Scotland is one of the English provinces. As the Shah says so, that opinion must now be generally received in the Persian Empire.

It is not easy, to tell the truth, to get much excitement out of the works of this placid potentate. Even the races at Longchamps (where there was a row because an English horse beat some French competitor) did not move him violently. He learned, however, and he deigns to expound, the nature and uses of the umbrella of the West:—"Every person, man or woman, on leaving the house takes an umbrella in his hand, and the umbrella has three uses; it may be used as a walking-stick, or to shelter a person from the sun or the rain, and occasionally as a weapon to strike another's head." Some old English writers recommend, not striking, but giving the point with the umbrella—a much more deadly practice. Here follows a vignette in the Persian manner, representing the Paris cabman:—

The coachmen of Paris never have any fixed hours for their repose. I have not yet seen a coachman that keeps awake when not actually moving. Whenever his master or the person who has hired the vehicle goes into a shop, or into a house to visit some one, or stops there a short time, the coachman immediately, and on his seat, falls asleep, and sleeps on till his master comes out again. Every coachman has a newspaper in his hand, but before he can begin reading it, he is asleep.

We might go on making extracts from this panoramic diary. We might tell how the Shah was bored by an old woman at Fontainebleau, and how he thought the people, and especially the children, of Paris very neat and clean, and how he got Marshal MacMahon to come with him to the top of the Arc de Triomphe to watch the fireworks, and how in all Austria he saw not a single ugly or ill-looking person. "What women, girls, and boys! All are excessively lovely, and an ill-looking person means a man or woman either old or naturally deformed." But, when all these things were retold, there would be little left in the book, except enumerations of towns, rivers, and mountains. The Shah travels as a simple sightseer; he scarcely ever even draws an inference; and, as his adventures were commonplace, his infantile record is nearly as dull as it is plain. However, he seems to be rather a good creature, with simple, obvious tastes, and easily pleased, if easily fatigued.

THE FLEET PRISON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

IN the course of his researches among the historical MSS. at Eaton, Dr. Jessop accidentally came across a volume of writing of which neither he nor Mr. Gardiner was likely to underrate the interest, and which is accordingly, by the permission of its owner, the Duke of Westminster, now printed for the Camden Society. All persons concerned are to be congratulated on the fortunate discovery of a document proving, among other things, that fiction often seems the most grotesque where it is nearest to historical truth. Dr. Jessop reminds us that long before Dickens drew that picture of the Fleet Prison with which readers of our own day are most familiar, Howard's description had been published and his

reforms carried into effect, and that the old building described by the philanthropist was burnt down in the shameful No Popery riots a few years afterwards. For that matter, Howard's Fleet Prison itself can only have dated from the re-building of all that part of London after the Great Fire of 1666. And yet it is difficult, in turning over the pages of the curious volume before us, not to be incessantly reminded of the experiences of that friend of our youth, Mr. Pickwick, when, being determined "to go somewhere," he went to the Fleet; of the disturbed night spent by him in the Warden's room, which, as he had satisfied himself "by mathematical calculation," "was about equal in annual value to the freehold of a small street in the suburbs of London," and of "the poor side" of the Debtors' Prison, where was found Mr. Alfred Jingle, ready for the "curtain to drop" over his squalid misery. The Fleet Prison, the demolition of which Dickens had the satisfaction of being able to record in the preface to a later edition of his famous book, had in its time served to point many a moral and to diversify, if not to adorn, many a tale. (Is Dr. Jessop, by the by, correct in implying that the prison described in *Amelia* was meant for this particular prison?) Its historical life runs back to the extreme limits of the "memory of man," according to the legal definition of the phrase. For Dr. Jessop has found a notice dating from the reign of Richard, which states that the Fleet Prison had been the inheritance of "Nathaniel de Levealand and his son Robert" ever since the Norman Conquest. Robert was succeeded in his office as Warden by his widow, who may be presumed to have resided out of "college"; but beyond a doubt many of their successors had their souls vexed by unruly lodgers within their freehold, and some of the Wardens may in their turn have given *prima facie* cause for discontent and disturbance, like Richard Manlove (his name is not from a comedy, but from a "true and tragical account" cited by Dr. Jessop) in 1691. But the volume before us is concerned with a rather earlier period in the history of the Fleet, which can at no time have been the scene of more vivacious episodes than those which it witnessed in the year 1619 under the wardenship of Alexander Harris.

That year is well known to have been one of the most remarkable of King James I.'s reign, since in it fell the acceptance by the King's son-in-law, the Elector Palatine, of the fatal Bohemian crown, and the two missions to England of Count Dohna on Frederick's behalf. The King, therefore, during his progress, had occupation enough for his busy brain in seeking to determine his attitude towards the great European crisis in which he would fain have played the arbiter; but for the Council which he left behind him at Whitehall, there were, as usual, affairs nearer home to settle. Among these, questions of prison management and mismanagement, and of prison disturbances, were evidently fast assuming the character of a chronic nuisance. And indeed, so far at least as the great debtors' prison was concerned, it could hardly have been otherwise in a reign which it would not be going too far to describe as one of the most vicious, most litigious, and most drunken in the history of English society. Further, it will be remembered how the religious policy of Elizabeth's later years had descended as an unfortunate heritage to her successor. Whatever hopes James might have entertained or encouraged as to the eventual mitigation of the Recusancy laws had been exploded by the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot; nor had the day yet arrived when the King, in one of the oscillations of his balancing policy, sought to relieve some of his many Roman Catholic subjects whose grievances had been aggravated by the madness of a few. Thus the Fleet was inevitably crowded with recusants, unlikely to be amicably disposed towards its Warden, more especially when he was a sententious Protestant of the pronounced type of Mr. Alexander Harris. And, religious difficulties apart, this was a time when extravagance, improvidence, and chicanery must have detained many hot-blooded country gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Paul's beyond the business and the pleasure of Michaelmas Term. The date of which we are speaking cannot have been very far distant from that of the production of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*; nor is this the only work of contemporary literature in which we meet with country gentlemen in the extortioner's hands, and on the road to ruin.

It was in this state of things that, in July 1619, a serious mutiny broke out among persons confined in the Fleet Prison. It had been preceded in the previous year by a personal assault upon the Warden, Alexander Harris, perpetrated by Sir John Whitbrooke, a Shropshire knight of large but encumbered estate, who had been imprisoned for a number of years as a Catholic recusant. Of the facts concerning the assault it would perhaps be hardly safe to accept the account given by the Warden in his *Apologetical Answer*. From this it would appear that the recusant in question was a very bloodthirsty recusant indeed, and that it required the united efforts of the Warden—who, though he had received "fower wounds to the scull and some bruises" to begin with, was "neither worlthfull nor daunted," and kept both his temper and his presence of mind—and of two maid-servants, assisted by the butler and the porter "of the howse," as well as the "goaler" and "others," to subdue him and carry him into the strongest ward of the prison. This place was named Bolton's Wards "for many yeares," as the Warden elsewhere happily observes, "familiarlie soe called as he thinketh of bolts or irons put on them." In this retreat the knight conspired,

with the rest, to surprize the Warden and Officers, and to putt them into the strongest wards or prison, and many other dangerous matters. And

* The *Economy of the Fleet: or, An Apologetical Answer of Alexander Harris (late Warden there) unto XIX. Articles sett forth against him by the Prisoners*. Edited by Augustus Jessop, D.D. Printed for the Camden Society. 1879.

for more orderly prosecution thereof he named one *Peck* to be King, and a Duke of Yorke and Lancaster was designed, and white and red roses of home brought for to make the favourites of each to be known; and picklocks were provided from Newgate by one *John Abell*, who brought them to *Edward Rookwood*, which he concealed from the Warden until it was revealed by others.

Of the personages who joined with Sir John in playing this ingenious prison game, Mr. Ashburnham Peck was an experienced prisoner of nineteen years' standing, and Edward Rookwood the head of a Roman Catholic family of importance on "Suffolk side," who for religion's sake likewise spent a considerable part of his life in confinement. This obstinate recusant was manifestly a perennial vexation to the Warden, who inveighs against him both on general and on special grounds, as calling himself and being termed "the *Vicarr General* of the Romish in the Fleet," and as declining, not only the regular prison diet, but also the payment of the customary fee for the meat brought to him from outside in lieu of it. These and other prisoners raised a tumult accordingly, and "fortified the prison," properly so-called, which appears to have consisted of the main block of the establishment, as distinguished from the better sorts of chambers let out to single occupants. In consequence, the Warden clapped Rookwood into Bolton's Wards, and procured a royal order to himself commanding him to "keep strait such prisoners as were Recusants and came not to Church." Rookwood having complained to the Council, an order was issued which seems to have settled matters on an equitable footing; for the prisoner had to pay 15*s.* to the Warden, and the Warden to put him back into a private apartment. But he was not hereby induced to cease from troubling; he misbehaved in church on the solitary occasion when he performed made his appearance there; delivered himself out of his windows against the "economy" of the Warden; and, according to that authority, "attempted to seduce the Warden's man (his keeper) to be a Papist, offering him 50*l.* and his daughter in marriage if he would convert." Meanwhile, Sir John Whitbrooke had, probably for cheapness rather than safety's sake, been removed into lodgings, furnishing every facility for the hatching of fresh disturbances. A certain Boughton, by whom Sir John was destined to be a few months afterwards stabbed dead, was his principal aider and abettor in preparing the great insurrection which, in July 1619, at last established in the Fleet a rival authority to that of the Warden. For three months, or thereabouts, the Warden, according to his own avowal, "had no command" in the main building, "fortified" by the insurgents. Negotiations long proved of no avail; neither the Warden, nor the representative of the City, nor the orders of the Lord Chief Justice, nor those of the Lord Chancellor and his Sergeant-at-Arms, could induce the masters of the "prison" to unblock it; at last the Lords of the Council sent a clerk, who arranged matters on terms at least equally honourable to both parties.

We cannot further pursue the acts and scenes of this curious domestic drama, by a connected statement of which in his Introduction Dr. Jessop would have rendered a great service to many of his readers. Mr. Alexander Harris is so discursive, and at the same time so emotional a writer, that it is not always easy to make head or tail of his exposition of his case. Clearly, however, the "outlaws and Jesuits," which he declares "(almost) all that complain" against him to be, pressed him inconveniently close outside as well as inside his domain, endeavouring to obtain a verdict against him in two trials at law, and actually obtaining a Royal Commission to take into consideration their grievances. At the same time a suit seems to have been begun in the Star Chamber by the Attorney-General against the ringleaders of the mutiny, and, so far as can be gathered from Harris's preliminary statement, it was in connexion with this suit that the prisoners drew up the Nineteen Articles, repeating what had been verbally attested before the Commissioners on their visit to the prison. To these Articles in his *Apologetical Answer* the Warden replies *seriatim* and at length, and thus contrives to furnish a picture of the "Economy of the Fleet" which is unlikely to convey to posterity precisely the same kind of impression as that intended by its author.

But the materials are not complete for arriving at any satisfactory conclusion as to the official conduct of Mr. Alexander Harris, albeit he "presumed to hazard the rebuke of his unpolished writing rather than to leave his innocence unremembered to the world." Neither the occasional unctuousness of his painfully uneasy style ("Who is to me," he oddly exclaims, "that I remain in Meshech and dwell in the tents of Kedar"), nor the consistency of his views concerning the dangerousness of all Papists and the fraudulency of most debtors, can obscure the fact that he had a good deal to complain of in his position. Necessity, he confesses, first led him to seek a position in which he looked for *turpe lucrum*; but afterwards he considered the fees and duties of the institution from both a moral and a financial point of view, "examining" their "justness and value." Finally, "when there was no remedy but he must be Warden, he besought of God to give him an heart answerable to serve the Commonwealth and doe poore men good." Hitherto, he adds, he has "come short in both"; and without entering into the question of the justice and expediency of the Recusancy laws or the laws of debtor and creditor in his age, we must allow that his benevolence towards the "poor men" with whom he was chiefly brought into contact was much hampered by the customs of his office. Thus he defends himself—no doubt truly—against the tolerably impudent charge, "set on foote chiefly by *Sir Francis Inglefield* (or Engle-

field, the unfortunate head of an old Roman Catholic family, as to whom, and whose troubles and sins, Dr. Jessop has an interesting note with numerous references), that he had robbed the poor men's box of certain fees by altering the word "ward" in the Order of Council concerning them into the word "Warden." But we feel less at ease when he partly rests his defence against exorbitant fees for beds and bedding upon the general defence, that "it is alsoe warrantable by Lawe that the Warden may make the best of his Lodgings within his freehold without contradiction, yet he taketh onely what former Wardens tooke without inhauncing them in any soart." It is needless to pursue the various squabbles about the prices for food and fuel, or about rents for sets of chambers where gentlemen lived with their families and might (as they occasionally did) dispense hospitality or pursue literary studies, and for less comfortable apartments shared by two or three prisoners. The most curious feature in the whole is a thoroughly English one—a constant desire on both sides to appeal to precedent, coupled with an apparent conviction on the part of each that it is unanswerably in the right.

Dr. Jessop's notes to this most interesting publication are terse and well supplied with references, as becomes their purpose and occasion; but here, as in his preface, he has not erred on the side of excess. With the aid of his references it will, however, be easy further to pursue some curious incidental points in this volume—such, for instance, as the history of the heresies of the "Jewdaiser, or half-Jewe," Thraske (or Traske), which constitute a peculiar outgrowth of Puritanism in its earlier days. As misfortune is said to make strange bedfellows, so the Fleet Prison made strange companions in causing Thraske and the Rookwoods (according to Harris) to talk mischief together against the King's Majesty and the State. Against the "half-Jew" the unlucky Warden must have felt some personal bitterness, inasmuch as he relates that "such hath been the malignity of a some of Symonie residing in that place, as to add unto the Nyneteene Articles and peirce above the flesh into the very soule by alledging before great persons, and boasting of it afterwards, that the Warden is circumcized." In accordance, no doubt, with the rules of the Camden Society, the text of the *Apologetical Answer* and of the illustrative documents appended is printed in all the wildness of the original spelling; and, as the Warden is anything but chary of repetitions or otherwise easy to be followed, this volume is not altogether light reading. But its reality is more vivid than the skill of historian or novelist could have made it; and Mr. Alexander Harris's floundering pen has contributed in no small measure to our knowledge of English prison history, which in the seventeenth, as in some other centuries, formed no unimportant part of English history in general.

LIFE IN A GERMAN VILLAGE.*

DIFFERENT people hold different opinions, and English impressions of life among the Germans are by no means exceptions to the universal rule. The late William Howitt wrote delightfully and sympathetically of it, as of everything, either domestic or rural, that touched his fancy; and some of Charles Lever's reminiscences of sojourns in old-fashioned inns among the primitive German villagers, with *al fresco* repasts in gardens under the cherry-trees or trellised vines, are among the pleasantest pictures in his Continental novels. On the other hand, the late Mr. Mayhew devoted a couple of bulky volumes to the abuse of German habits in general, and of all things Saxon in particular; while Mr. Vizetelly, expatiating at even greater length, has been demonstrating that in the capital of the country of the milliards everything that glitters is far from being gold. Mrs. Chetwynd is one of the writers who see things in rose colour; and she even gives a flattering report of Berlin, objecting to nothing but the filthy cabs and the sandy wastes that surround it. For ourselves, we have always regarded the newer Kaiserstadt as among the dullest of great European capitals. Remembering Mr. Vizetelly's carefully collected statistics, we greatly doubt if there are the number of "immensely rich merchants" that Mrs. Chetwynd supposes; while we are very sure that the numerous poor are by no means so well cared for as she imagines. On the whole, however, we assent to her cheerful experiences, and we like the buoyant humour in which she writes.

German life has undoubtedly its drawbacks to a foreigner. We object to the lady of a family figuring too evidently as the *hausfrau*, and we have a prejudice against her appearing in wrapper and slippers should she be indiscreetly surprised by a visitor before midday. We dislike the slovenly way in which the earlier *frühstück* is served, though the principle of the refectation is a sound and satisfactory one; we detest the German bed, whether in summer or winter, with its slippery over-coverings; and we hate the system of stove-heating, which we believe to be as unwholesome as it is cheerless. German maid-servants, though the moral character of the class may be above the average, are perhaps the most awkward and least engaging in the world; though we admit that the hotel waiters continue to be fairly good, notwithstanding the enormous numbers exported. German cookery leaves much to desire, even apart from the insular prejudices against uncooked ham and sausages which Mrs. Chetwynd never succeeded

* *Life in a German Village*. By the Hon. Mrs. Henry Weyland Chetwynd, Author of "Neighbours and Friends," &c. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1879.

in surmounting. We know that the early dinner-hour is a wise and salutary practice, since potato salads and sauerkraut swallowed late in the evening must inevitably generate nightmares and dyspepsia. But in spite of these disadvantages, and without excepting Switzerland, in our opinion there is no country in Europe where a summer holiday may be spent more agreeably than in Germany. You have the richest possible variety of landscapes that are neither savage in their sublimity nor monotonously tame. You come, as Lever and Mrs. Chetwynd came, on charming rural inns, where you are treated on the shortest notice as a respected friend and customer. You take your strolls abroad among a simple people who salute you pleasantly as old acquaintances; and you are delighted at every turn by bits of picturesque architecture that escape the eye of the regular tourist. We suppose the Germans may be sinners and self-seeking like the rest of us. We know that in the characters of Rhine porters and *lacquais-de-place* they very speedily are thoroughly demoralized. Yet somehow, when we cross the German frontier, we always feel ourselves among a friendly people, as in scenery that is most impressively *freundlich*.

This was clearly the impression of Mrs. Chetwynd, who went prepared to make the best of things, and has evidently an enviable capacity for doing so. A lady who, being prematurely awakened before five o'clock in the morning by the demonstrations of industrial energy in a sequestered village, can take a three-and-a-half hours' walk before breakfast, and return with no worse feeling than the exhaustion which a good meal can recruit, must be quite equal to sleeping soundly on the floor upon a railway-rug when she was disappointed in the matter of expected accommodation. The village where Mrs. Chetwynd settled at first with her family appears to have been somewhere in the north of Hanover. She had secured what was supposed to be a furnished house; but it soon appeared that the description was delusive in the extreme, at least according to our English notions. Mrs. Chetwynd waxes eloquently pathetic over the deception, emphasizing words in italics after the manner of ladies. There were no mattresses on the beds; the very scanty furniture showed the extreme of mediæval discomfort; while, as for crockery and common kitchen utensils, nothing of the kind had been provided. Having recovered the first shock, Mrs. Chetwynd proved equal to the circumstances. She had an interval of four days before the arrival of the rest of her party, and in that time she furnished the house as she best could from the nearest town. Meanwhile, as we have said, she roughed it through the night upon her personal wraps, having recourse in the day to friendly neighbours for the strictest necessities of existence:—

We borrowed a cup from one person, a coffee-pot from another, and we had at any rate coffee; and we ordered our dinner from a wonderful little restaurant not far off, and had dinner—quite enough for two people, and consisting of soup, meat, vegetables, and a pudding—for the sum of tenpence. It was very cheap, if a little greasy.

The cost of a sufficient dinner from the restaurant gives some notion of the scale on which it is still possible to live comfortably enough in some not very remote parts of Germany. But, of course, so far as amusements go, one ought to be self-contained, or very easily entertained by trifles. Mrs. Chetwynd assures us that the days went swiftly by, and that she and her friends enjoyed the life amazingly. But then they abandoned themselves to its uneventful course, and drifted contentedly on the untroubled current. The strongest sensations were the discovery of some new walk, "of a wild strawberry bed, or some fragrant honeysuckle." Their observations beyond those on the surrounding scenery were confined to the habits and customs of their poorer neighbours. They were happy in hitting upon a good cook, who, though hot in temper, and having to be managed diplomatically, made superb pastry and puddings with the most miserably inadequate appliances. But even the tranquillity of that Teutonic Eden was disturbed. The post people knew nothing about foreign postal regulations, and were swaddled besides in official red tape, and this must have come very hard on a literary lady; while the woods, beautiful as they were, swarmed with bloodthirsty midges and mosquitoes, which not only tormented the strangers in their walks, but relentlessly followed them into their sleeping apartments. At last the valuable, though "violent," cook suggested a sovereign specific. The rooms were sprinkled with petroleum, and Mrs. Chetwynd even scented her hat with the oil. Fastidious people, as she not unnaturally remarks, might have found the remedy nearly as disagreeable as the disease.

The party made many expeditions from their village home, and they moved on afterwards to Berlin and Dresden. But among the most interesting contents of Mrs. Chetwynd's chapters are the accounts of her visits to German country houses. They chanced to be staying with a wealthy Hanoverian count on the great occasion of the celebration of his birthday. It was a day rather to be remembered than enjoyed. At a very early hour the English visitors were aroused by the jubiant strains of a powerful brass band. "I cannot remember any cessation; of course the original band must have rested; but music was there all the same, and no change was perceptible." There was a table loaded with birthday gifts, and a cake covered with little candles—a candle for each year of the master's life; but the great and novel feature of the entertainments was a melodramatic representation of his uneventful biographical annals. The Herr Graf was paraded as the prominent figure on a great waggon. First, he appeared as a small boy, that being meant to symbolize his personality in his school-days. Next, he was a youth

studying law; and so it went on from age to age. But "the most amusing scene was intended to show the various occasions on which he had lost his heart—a wagon-load of *alte flammen*, consisting of Swedish, Italian, English, Greek, and Spanish figures, the dresses capitably arranged and the figures well posed." And the whole of the domestic play was got up by the servants of his household and the people on his home farm; the only star engaged from the outer world being the boy who undertook to represent him in his school-days.

There is a very lively and graphic account of their stay at Gorisch, in the Saxon Switzerland—the village where they were forced to rise with the sun and the very early-rising natives. The steep crags in the neighbourhood were covered with pine trees, wherever the roots could find a scrap of soil to lay hold of. "But these pines have one beauty the Scotch pines have not. The great buds, usually a bright brown or yellow, which crown the branches in Scotland, are here, as in the Alps, a vivid flame colour and stand out against the rocks splendidly"; while "the blackberries that carpet the ground beneath their boughs are giants, compared to the ordinary Scottish growth." The little inn, too, had its own attractions. In it, as in all the surrounding houses, there were the exaggerated dormer-windows, peculiar to the Saxon Switzerland, "exactly the shape of a human eye, and staring out of the red roof in a manner which endows the houses with a most extraordinary human expression." And those extraordinarily human eyes had characteristic sights to gaze upon. "Never perhaps in so small a space" (as in the courtyard) "were so many animals gathered together. Besides the white ponies, there were brown ones; and there was a brown horse—a tall, ill-made animal, with very straight shoulders and very thin legs, which was called a lady's horse, and which we heard was in great request, later on in the season. There were two donkeys, several fowls, many cows, pigs and sheep, dogs and cats of course, and pigeons without end. Of course, had it been a farm, there would have been nothing extraordinary in the collection; but in a farm there would have been some provision made for their accommodation, while here the whole happy family lived in the smallest conceivable space—donkeys, fowls, and ponies in the same stable; and as they each had their little tempers, the noise at times was anything but musical." We hope we may have done justice to Mrs. Chetwynd's style by slight quotations taken almost at haphazard. She has made a readable little book out of scanty materials, and we can safely recommend it for the use of families of frugal minds who are bent upon quiet holiday-making in Germany.

JAMES'S HAWTHORNE.*

THIS volume, in which Hawthorne is boldly claimed as an "English man of letters," is not the only life of him that has appeared; for a few years ago the novelist's son-in-law, Mr. Lathrop, wrote *A Study of Hawthorne*, "an ingenious and sympathetic sketch," as Mr. James says, "in which the author has taken great pains to collect the more interesting facts of Hawthorne's life." On that sketch, and on what Hawthorne himself has left of autobiography in his six volumes of note-books, Mr. James bases the narrative part of his little book; of which we may say at the outset that it is only less interesting than the critical account which he gives of Hawthorne's writings. For not even in the case of a writer like Hawthorne can the facts of the life be neglected if we are to understand and enjoy his work. Simple, uneventful, and "deficient in the dramatic quality" as the story is, Hawthorne cannot be appreciated without reference to the woods of Concord, the field-work of Brook Farm, the Boston Custom-House, and the Liverpool Consulate. He was born in 1804, at Salem, Massachusetts, on the "birthday of the Republic," the 4th of July; and he died at Plymouth, in New Hampshire, in 1864, a few months before completing his sixtieth year. His race had been settled in Salem for two centuries, the "first ancestor, invested by family tradition with a dim and dusty grandeur," having been Major William Hathorne, a Puritan settler for conscience' sake, and the next having been Colonel John Hathorne, whose exploits in persecuting witches gave the novelist the idea of one of his greatest stories. Puritans by temperament and seamen by profession were almost all the intervening Hathornes; for Salem, as is known to all readers of the delightful prologue to *The Scarlet Letter*, is a seaport that once had life and activity. Hawthorne's father was Daniel Hathorne (it was the novelist himself that inserted the *w*), "a hardy privateer during the War of Independence," who died on a voyage when the boy was four years old. Mr. James passes lightly over the childhood of his subject, remarking, with more adherence to truth than most biographers can boast of, that "there is a considerable sameness in the behaviour of small boys." Much of his boyhood was spent with an uncle amid the forests of Maine; and it was here, Hawthorne himself said later, "that I first got my cursed habits of solitude." When he was nearly seventeen he entered Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, "a homely, simple, frugal 'country college' of the old-fashioned American stamp," in which were to be found, as Hawthorne's fellow-students, Horatio Bridge, after-

* *English Men of Letters.—Hawthorne.* By Henry James, Junr. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

wards a naval officer of distinction, Franklin Pierce, who in 1852 was elected President of the United States, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The chief results of his residence at Bowdoin seem to have been the friendship which he formed with these three, and the production of his earliest novel, *Fanshawe*—a book which he afterwards suppressed so rigorously that not half-a-dozen copies are known to have survived. Mr. James has never seen this novel, but quotes a few paragraphs on the authority of Mr. Lathrop, from which it would seem that Hawthorne did well in obliterating so crude a performance.

After graduating in 1825 Hawthorne went back to live at Salem, without a profession and without any idea of adopting one. It is hard to say that the next twelve years were all a mistake on his part, seeing what work came ultimately from that "period of incubation"; but they were years of solitude, of "gloom and chill," even of unhappiness. He looked to letters for his future, and prepared himself for that future by cultivating his imagination and that reflective observation of which the *American Note-Books* give us so suggestive a record. But he was absolutely alone, intellectually speaking; "he lacked the comfort and inspiration of belonging to a class." The solitary worker, as Mr. James says, is inevitably more or less of an empiric; and this fate Hawthorne did not escape. "Poor Hawthorne, beginning to write subtle short tales at Salem, was empirical enough; he was one of, at most, some dozen Americans who had taken up literature as a profession." But the *Twice-Told Tales* were the fruit of this retirement at Salem; and, though the early ones among them made no stir, recognition came before long, and brought with it, if not wealth, at all events a subsistence. Nothing like them had been seen in America before, or in Europe either; and it is with no surprise that we read in Hawthorne's note-book the entry, written at Salem in 1836, "In this dismal chamber FAME was won"—though it was in the first instance but a fame which brought him into the clutches of literary speculators like Mr. Peter Parley. In 1839, by one of those wonderful turns of fortune's wheel which are only possible in a country which enjoys the blessing of a rotary Civil Service, Hawthorne found himself, as a good Democrat, sharing the spoils which were brought to the party by Mr. Van Buren's presidency. He was made weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom-house. The author of the *Twice-Told Tales* superintending the discharge of a coal-ship is as satisfying a picture as Burns measuring barrels or Wordsworth distributing stamps.

Readers of this little memoir will turn with especial curiosity to the chapter which deals with Hawthorne's experiences of Brook Farm, that "little industrial and intellectual association that formed itself at this time (1840) in one of the suburbs of Boston." Mr. James speaks with perfect fairness of this interesting but unsuccessful experiment:—

The Brook Farm scheme was, as such things go, a reasonable one; it was devised and carried out by shrewd and sober-minded New Englanders, who were careful to place economy first and idealism afterwards, and who were not afflicted with a Gallic passion for completeness of theory. There were no formulas, doctrines, dogmas; there was no interference whatever with private life or individual habits, and not the faintest adumbration of a rearrangement of that difficult business known as the relations of the sexes. The relations of the sexes were neither more nor less than what they usually are in American life, excellent; and in such particulars the scheme was thoroughly conservative and irreplicable. Its main characteristic was that each individual concerned in it should do a part of the work necessary for keeping the whole machine going. He could choose his work and he could live as he liked; it was hoped, but it was by no means demanded, that he would make himself agreeable, like a gentleman invited to a dinner-party. Allowing, however, for everything that was a concession to worldly traditions and to the laxity of man's nature, there must have been in the enterprise a good deal of a certain freshness and purity of spirit, of a certain noble credulity and faith in the perfectibility of man, which it would have been easier to find in Boston in the year 1840 than in London five-and-thirty years later.

The second volume of the *American Note-Books* contains the best record of Hawthorne's doings at Brook Farm, in his letters to the lady whom he was soon to marry and whom he honestly intended to bring to live in the community. Hawthorne on the deck of the collier was an incongruous figure, but not so incongruous as Hawthorne standing, pitchfork in hand, by the "gold-mine," as he sweetly called the manure-heap of the Association. At first he took kindly to his toil:—

All the morning I have been at work under the clear blue sky, on a hill-side. Sometimes it almost seemed as if I were at work in the sky itself, though the material in which I wrought was the ore from our gold-mine. Nevertheless, there is nothing so unseemly and disagreeable in this sort of toil as you could think. It defiles the hands, indeed, but not the soul. This gold ore is a pure and wholesome substance, else our mother Nature would not devour it so readily, and derive so much nourishment from it, and return such a rich abundance of good grain and roots in requital of it.

This was written on May 4; but by August 12 the tone is changed:—

Even my Custom House experience was not such a thralldom and weariness; my mind and heart were free. Oh! labour is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionately brutified! Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so.

He could not long endure either the drudgery or the "sultry heat of society" which were the conditions of life at the farm; and when in 1842 he married, he took his bride, not to the farm, but to the "Old Manse" in the village of Concord, to which we owe the choicest pages of the *Note-books* and the volume of *Mosses*. The four years of his life at the Manse can only be described by the hackneyed word "idyllic," so peaceful were they, so transfused

with the golden light of imagination and affection. Emerson was Hawthorne's neighbour all this while, and the relation between the two was a very perfect one. Truly, as Mr. James says, "little Concord had not been ill-treated by the Fates—with a 'great original thinker' at one end of the village, an exquisite teller of tales at the other, and the rows of New England elms between!"

By this time Hawthorne was forty, however, and children were beginning to appear. If he was to do anything for solid fame or for an income, he must begin to work to more purpose than the "two to four hours a day" of story-writing or note-writing he had as yet achieved. In 1846 he accepted the post of Surveyor of the Port of Salem, a post too well paid for him to be able to refuse it; and in these duties he spent the next three years. Mr. James quotes, from the prologue to the wonderful novel which was the product of these three years, a striking passage which would show, in the first place, that Hawthorne liked drudgery as little now as of old at Boston and Brook Farm; and, secondly, that he seemed to regret the inevitable twist which sent him for the subjects of his stories to the airy region of the past and the ideal rather than to the facts of the world around him. "The wiser effort would have been to diffuse thought and imagination through the opaque substance of to-day, and thus make it a bright transparency . . . to seek resolutely the true and indestructible value that lay hidden in the petty and wearisome incidents and ordinary characters with which I was now conversant." It is as though Hawthorne were regretting that he was not a Dickens or a Balzac, on which our comment must be that it is generally unwise in a man to wish to be something quite different from what nature made him. *Il ne faut pas sortir de son caractère*. A realistic study of Salem life might have been an admirable piece of literature, but the world would be loth to exchange it for *The Scarlet Letter*. It was in this last that Hawthorne first did himself full justice, and people in America, and in England too, were quick to recognize the masterpiece. "It was a great success, and he immediately found himself famous"—not possessed of that limited and esoteric "Fame" of which the *Note-Books* had spoken ten years earlier, but of the fame which makes a writer's name the plaything of the educated mob, and his characters the stock subjects of every picture gallery. The success of *The Scarlet Letter* was enough to console Hawthorne for the loss of his post, which had come as a matter of course with the defeat of his party in the Presidential election. He was able to retire to a little house in the village of Lenox "among the mountains of Massachusetts," and to write *The House of the Seven Gables*. In 1852 came *The Blithedale Romance*—a story suggested, but only suggested, by his memories of Brook Farm, the heroine being a kind of glorified and beautified Margaret Fuller, who appears under the name of Zenobia. By this time Hawthorne was accepted as the chief of American prose writers, his position was assured, and the appearance of each new book of his was a literary event. But he had not seen Europe, and he was not rich; so that when, in 1852, his friend General Pierce became President and offered him the well-paid Consulate at Liverpool, he accepted it, and came for seven years to England and Italy. These were the years in which he wrote *Our Old Home* (a collection of articles on England) and *Transformation*. His latest years, after his return home, were clouded by the Civil War; a fact of appalling magnitude to all Americans, but to none so appalling as to the Northern Democratic party, the party to whom the United States under the old régime of Southern ascendancy was the best of all possible Republics, and one that could never be shaken. No great literary work was likely to be produced during these years; and Hawthorne, ill and dispirited, achieved nothing but two fragments. He died suddenly and without warning, on the 18th of May, 1864.

Our space has exhausted itself without our being able to do more than to run through the main facts of Hawthorne's biography, and we must leave unsaid all that we might have said to illustrate or to controvert Mr. James's criticism of his writings. The truth is that these books of Mr. Morley's series are not easy to review. They are, at least the best of them, are, themselves the quintessence of criticism; to abridge their judgments is difficult; to demur to them satisfactorily within short limits is more difficult still. If we might venture to state a few opinions without defending them, we should say that to our mind Mr. James goes too far in claiming for Hawthorne a purely external attitude in relation to moral problems; and that he rates the *American Note-Books*, and perhaps *Transformation*, not highly enough. The former we cannot help regarding as among the most perfect and beautiful revelations of a writer's personality that exist in literature; they are the *Confessions* of an innocent Rousseau, who had nothing to confess except the closeness of his walk with nature. *Transformation* will always be a debated ground among critics, and will be liked or not according as the critic cares or does not care for mystery and gloom in fiction. We admit, however, that the story does not equal the two greatest American novels, the position of which in the highest class of modern writings is never more to be assailed. Hawthorne was indeed a first-rate writer; gifted with the rarest and subtlest imagination, and with a style at once so individual and so sympathetic that every reader is instantly caught and held by the charm of it. Such a man requires the most delicate handling on the part of the critic, and he has received it from Mr. James. Probably no one living could have done so good a book on Hawthorne as he has done. Essentially unlike as the two writers

are, Mr. James is imaginative enough to render Hawthorne's moods for us in a way that commands our assent to his rendering; besides, he knows New England down to its very roots; he moves at will between the American standpoint and the European; and he is the master of a style of exceptional fineness and elasticity. It would be easy to fill a column with instances of his felicities of expression and truth of insight; but perhaps it would be rendering a better service to him and to our readers to send them to look for these in the book itself.

EIGHT MONTHS IN AN OX-WAGGON.*

MR. SANDEMAN falls into the common error of people who publish accounts of their travels. He gives himself the trouble to write a great deal which no one can care to read. Rather, we should say, he does not give himself the trouble to cut it out when he had once written it down. From the dedication of the book, and from the form in which the narrative is cast, we gather that it was first written in the form of letters or a diary. Now a traveller's friends, we at once admit, generally enjoy the most petty details that he may condescend to send them. But when he sets out from home in the quest of health, as Mr. Sandeman did, "looking a miserable invalid, with difficulty able to walk a mile, and utterly unfit for exertion of any kind," then the accounts of his appetite, his meals, his down-sitting and his up-rising, are received with an anxiety that passes into perfect enthusiasm as the reports grow better and better. We can easily picture to ourselves the delight with which the news spread through the family group and an extensive circle of acquaintances that the traveller "had done ample justice to the new-laid eggs, splendid ham, and fresh bread and butter provided at Mrs. Murray's Pinetown Hotel." Scarcely had they settled down into calmness from the rapture which such news would raise, when the next mail would bring news that he had "made a capital tea of hashed mutton at Curry's Hotel." Such glorious news as this could not be brought by every steamer. Yet it was something, they must all have felt, to know that at a roadside inn he had some bread-and-butter, and that at a farm a day or two later he procured some fresh milk which was very acceptable. They would be pleased moreover to learn that on one occasion, early in his journey, when he encamped beside a stream, he and his friend had a wash in it before breakfast. But matters such as these, though very properly put into letters and diaries, are best left there. No doubt Mr. Sandeman has very high authority for paying great attention to his meals. "Some people," said Dr. Johnson, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part I mind my belly very studiously, and very carefully; for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else." However, the great lexicographer did not carry his great principle further than this. He minded that highly respectable and important organ of the body, no doubt, but he did not write about it. He dined, but he kept no diary of his dinners. Now travellers ought to remember that we who have stayed at home have had our meals as well as they, though we did not perhaps bring to them the same keen appetite. If we do not trouble them with an account of what we have eaten in England, let them not insist on telling us what they have eaten in Africa. They have had their meals, and said, no doubt, grace over them, and all that was then left for them to do was to digest their food properly. We have so often had to point out this before, that we are beginning to despair of working any cure. Fresh books of travels are constantly coming out; but in almost all of them there is the same bestiality of all the tediousness that the traveller possesses upon the unhappy reader. It would be a good thing if Messrs. Cook would add to their agency one further branch, and would undertake on the traveller's return to cut down his narrative to decent limits.

Had Mr. Sandeman given us two hundred pages instead of four hundred, we could have read his narrative with not a little interest. He travelled through a wild country in somewhat wild times; and he spent, as the title of the volume shows, eight months in an ox-waggon. He left home to recruit his health, and he arrived at the Cape "a miserable invalid." He took at once to an out-of-door life of rough hardship, and within six months "he was able to walk from sunrise to sunset, rifle on shoulder, under a blazing sun, without feeling unduly fatigued at the end of a long day's work, and often with no more strengthening food to work on than mealie-meal pap, or other vegetable diet." He ran considerable risks from wild beasts, as he left his waggon for a fortnight while he went to hunt buffaloes and lions, and he ran perhaps no less risk from the Kaffirs. It was but the year before last that he took his trip, and he passed through a part of the country where Secocoeni's people had begun to plunder. The account he gives of this part of his journey is certainly interesting even to the general reader. To sportsmen, however, it will be most attractive. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that even they can care to know that on Wednesday the 17th (of what month we are not told) Mr. Sandeman with a charge of No. 6 laid low a wild duck, and that the discharge of his gun roused a pair of large blue doves, one of which

A. dropped. If, however, they do care for such matters as these—and of the talk of the sportsman it certainly cannot be said, as of the law, *de minimis non curat*—then they may possibly be glad to learn that at least on one occasion the travellers saw a very large herd of spring and blesse-bók together, but were not able to get within range. Within range of a great many herds of these animals they were able to get. We are ourselves now and then more pleased when we find that Mr. Sandeman misses his aim than when he succeeds. When he is surrounded in his camp by lions, when he is charged by a buffalo and has the narrowest escape of his life, when he comes across a boa-constrictor eighteen feet long, then our sympathies are with the traveller; but there are times when we could have wished that he had had a less steady aim. He chased a herd of giraffes on his horse, and, coming near, fired at one. "To my great delight the tall head fell forward, then down almost between the forelegs, and the giraffe toppled over on its side." Some forty pages further on he says:—"The eyes of the giraffe are the most beautiful and appealing of any animal I ever saw. . . . It is the most defenceless animal imaginable, and has nothing to show fight with, even if so inclined. . . . Unless the hunter has opportunities of utilizing the skin, it always appeared to me rather wanton slaughter destroying giraffes, as neither difficulty nor danger attended their chase." Mr. Sandeman here shows good feeling. We trust that, should he ever again come across these defenceless animals with their beautiful and appealing eyes, he will not any more seek after "great delight," but will try to act on Wordsworth's lines:—

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

On this hunting expedition game was not seen for two or three days, and the travellers were getting short of food. Many of the Kaffirs had joined the party as porters, mainly in the hope of the abundant supply of meat that they would obtain. They were becoming very melancholy and discontented, while even the Englishmen were growing ravenous for fresh meat. When at last some buffaloes were killed, the white men were quickly shown one side of savage life, and that by no means a pleasant one:—

It was such a scene as I am powerless to describe. Each boy sat at the fire in front of his own particular stick or ramrod, on which were the little knobs of meat; but beside each was a pile of long strips about an inch thick, and some of them a yard in length. While his knobs were slowly roasting the boy would take one of these long strips, containing at least half a pound of meat, and, holding one end in the flame, would let it get toasted for a few seconds; then he would place that end in his mouth, and begin to chew it, placing the still uncooked end in the flame, and at the same time watching that the knobs on his stick did not get burnt. For three hours or more not a boy moved from the fire, except to cut up a fresh supply of meat or to have a drink of water. All this time they hardly spoke a word, so intent were they on gorging themselves; but as the night advanced they broke into a low, monotonous sort of humming chant, during which, one after the other, they recounted some adventure of the day, or expressed their delight at so much good food, the others all the while keeping up an accompanying chorus of the humming chant. Occasionally they would raise their voices to a yell, and then sink them so low as to be almost inaudible. Woodward and myself turned into our blankets, and were soon lulled asleep by the monotonous but not unpleasant singing. All through the night the boys alternately ate or sang, and several times when I awoke I saw them still hard at work chewing down the yards of meat.

The next morning they presented most of the appearances of drunken men. Their eyes were rolling, they could hardly walk straight, and they spoke and looked as if they were insensible to what was going on around them. They were utterly unfit for work, and the hunters had to encamp there for another day and night, till the men had recovered from their debauch. Mr. Sandeman employed Kaffirs of more than one tribe. Among them all he gives by far the best character to the Zulus. The ordinary Kaffir, he says, is utterly untrustworthy and unreliable. Why, by the way, when he had said in good English that a man is untrustworthy, does he say the same thing over again in bad English, by adding that he is unreliable? Perhaps he fears that some of his sporting readers may have got so used to bad English that good English will puzzle them. But to return to the Zulus. They are, he writes, almost invariably honest, truthful, and reliable servants. "A Zulu will always stand by his master if an occasion comes for blows and hard knocks, neither will he ever run away and leave him in the hour of sickness and helplessness." Mr. Sandeman wrote this a few months before our war with them broke out.

He travelled from Durban through Natal into the Transvaal. The account he gives of these territories agrees with all that we have read elsewhere. Our wonder is once more raised how it has happened that, while in North America, in New Zealand, even in Australia, there is an abundance of fertile land only awaiting the hand of the tiller, our countrymen should have settled in the midst of savage nations in such barren wastes. The Boers, no doubt, pressed northwards in the search of independence when we seized on the Dutch colonies, much as the Esquimaux and Laps in ages past retired to the barren shores of the Northern Seas. But why we followed them, it is not easy to see. In Natal and the Transvaal and many of the other States of this part of Africa the plagues of lice are as abundant as its blessings are few. There are no roads—or, at all events, the roads are far worse than those which were so bad before they were made by Marshal Wade. There are every year great droughts. Insects swarm. The north-west wind is "a scorching blast, charged with minute particles of rock-sand, which inflame the eyes and irritate the skin." There are poisonous snakes, wild beasts, and almost

* *Eight Months in an Ox-Waggon: Reminiscences of Boer Life.* By E. F. Sandeman. With a Map. London: Griffith & Farran. 1880.

wilder men. There is scarcely a single article that can be bought at a moderate price. Mr. Sandeman was more than once among the gold-diggers. No coal-heaver or navvy, he says, has a tithe of the hardships and fatigues which he undergoes. "All day long toiling hard in a broiling sun, and up to his middle in water, and at night no comforts of any kind when he returns to his hut." Fuel is so dear that he can only afford just enough to cook his bit of meat and boil his kettle. In the nights of winter he suffers, high up on the hills, from the piercing winds, while the water in his hut is turned into ice. Animals of all kinds are subject to diseases peculiar to the country. Horses, sheep, and horned cattle are swept away by thousands. In many parts even the pleasures of the chase can no longer be enjoyed, so ruthlessly has the game been destroyed. Where herds of deer used to wander, now not a single head can be seen. There are, no doubt, large tracts of fertile land; but they are often widely separated from each other and from the seaports by deserts, over which the wretched oxen drag their heavy loads, urged on by the most shameful cruelty. The way is often marked by the bones of poor beasts which, when they had once fallen, were too weak to be roused up, even by the tortures which Mr. Sandeman saw practised on them by their drivers. One great good is done both by such books as this and also by the newspaper correspondents who have accompanied our armies. Those who go to these districts of South Africa go with their eyes open. As regards them, even the most artful of emigration agents will find it hard to practise their well-known delusive arts.

We must not forget to add that the value of Mr. Sandeman's volume is greatly increased by an excellent map of the Transvaal and the surrounding territories.

JOURNAL OF THE ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.*

MUCH of the interest of the present volume converges in Northamptonshire, the capital of which county was the place where the Archeological Institute gathered in 1878. The members who there attended were unfortunately deprived of an expected address from Mr. Freeman, who however sent a letter, herein printed, which pointed out some of the leading facts in the history of Northampton. One class of events to which attention was drawn must have suggested that more important congresses than the meeting of the Institute could be likely to prove had assembled in that ancient town, which in the time of the Norman kings was as favourite a centre for national synods as had been the mysteriously situated Cloveshoe in the days of Offa, King of the Mercians. At Northampton Harold met the Northumbrian insurgents, and swore to them the peace which Edward had granted them, that legalized the expulsion of Tostig and the election of the son of Alfigar. At Rockingham (A.D. 1094) Anselm, bolder than the conclave of bishops around him, who were afraid of the King, defied Rufus to the face in his attempt to measure the secular arm against the spiritual. The great Council of Stephen was held at Northampton in 1138, which was also a seat of the Councils of Henry I. and Henry II., the conspicuous figure in the famous convention of 1164 being Thomas Becket. In 1189 the national synod of Richard II. met in Northampton Castle, as did the great Council of John in 1211 and the legate synods of Henry III. Keeping rather to the spirit than to the letter of the facts represented, Shakespeare's play of *King John* opens at Northampton. That town was visited not less than twenty-three times by the royal hero of the piece, who stayed the while either at the castle of the same place or at Rockingham Castle, the forest about the latter fortress being one of John's favourite hunting-grounds. In the Chancellor's Roll of the third year of that King's reign are some curious entries. For instance, there is a charge of five marks for "repairing the King's houses in the Castle of Northampton"; and "to sergeants who brought the heads of six outlaws, six shillings." Also, "for bringing the hunting-gear of the King from Northampton to Westminster, half a mark," and "To the chaplain at Geddington 50s., his salary for the past year." This chaplain was the King's confessor, and, considering how much shriving his royal master needed, his stipend of a shilling a week was not high.

Among the contributors to the past year's Proceedings we are glad to meet with the name of Mr. M.H. Bloxam. It is more than fifty years since Mr. Bloxam began to do honourable service for archaeology by the publication of his *Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture* (May 1829); and his paper here published on the "Medieval Sepulchral Antiquities of Northamptonshire" shows that neither his zeal nor his strength for the study of ecclesiastical antiquities is abated. Wiser than Old Mortality, who only revived the inscriptions on monuments which were themselves liable after all, like unique manuscripts, to be finally destroyed or lost, Mr. Bloxam has perpetuated by descriptive particulars a selection of the most interesting of upwards of two hundred examples of effigies, either sculptured in stone or wood, or incised in brass, in the county of Northampton. Effigies in England, remarks Mr. Stothard, are rarely met with before the thirteenth century. One somewhat earlier is here noticed, that of Benedict, Abbot of Peterborough, who died A.D. 1193. It represents the Abbot, in eucharistic vestments, within a horizontal trefoil-headed canopy, which is apparently supported on each side by a

reed-like column, with an Early English capital. Mr. Bloxam remarks that there are few sepulchral effigies of Benedictines in the habit of their order, and that a thirteenth-century image of a Benedictine in his monastic costume, larger than the life, in a niche of the gateway of the Bishop's Palace south-west of the Cathedral, is intended for St. Benedict himself; which seems more likely than that it is St. Luke or St. Philip, as the cast of the effigy in the Sydenham Crystal Palace states it to be. It is singular that there is no sepulchral effigy of a bishop in the county of Northampton. In Peterborough Cathedral there was, according to Gunton, a stately tomb in memory of Bishop Dove (A.D. 1630) "in his episcopal robes on a large bed under a fair table of black marble, with a library of books about him"; but in the Puritan frenzy against prelacy this statue was hewn to pieces by the Parliamentary soldiery. Of figures in armour there is "a large and wonderful variety," from one at Castle Ashby Church of Sir David de Esseyby, who died before 1268, to that of Sir John Germaine, Bart, who died in 1718; the former being of course in chain mail, which fell wholly into disuse in the reign of Edward III., and the latter in a species of plate armour which might have belonged to his sire, for armour in his day had ceased to be worn. Mr. Bloxam despairs of describing the rapid change in female attire which, beginning with Scholastica de Gayton, living in 1284, in Gayton Church, ends with Lady Mary Mordaunt, in Lowick Church, who died in 1705, with a few of later date which "I do not comment upon." Scholastica's, the earliest, is the most beautiful and chaste in the arrangement of drapery.

A careful disquisition on "Parish Churches in the Year 1548," by Mr. J. F. Micklethwaite, contains a discussion on the ambiguous injunction of 1547 which retains "two lights upon the high altar before the Sacrament." Mr. Micklethwaite too hastily suspects that the original document has been wrongly printed, "for by no possible contortion could two lights placed upon the altar be before the Sacrament, either lying in the midst of the altar or reserved by suspense, as was then the custom." There is evidence, however, that it had long been customary to place two lights upon the altar through the administration of Mass or Holy Communion; and, in spite of the vagueness of the injunction, these must have been the lights that were ordered to be maintained. Mr. Micklethwaite particularizes the other lights which were in use up to 1548 and partially continued during that year, such as the baptismal candle, the hearse light, the Paschal candle, the torches borne in processions, &c. On the 2nd of February, 1547-8, according to Stow's "Chronicle," "the bearing of candles in the church was left off throughout the whole cite of London." But the custom lingered in some of the provinces long after its legislative abrogation. Under 1583 we find in the wardens' accounts of the Norman church of St. James, Bristol, "Paid to the waytes a Candlemas day and night at our church 2s. 6d., and a pound of tallow candles that night 3d.," which does not, however, argue a very brilliant illumination. Perhaps one of the latest instances of the exaction of the tribute of a funeral torch occurs in A.D. 1640, when there is a petition from the inhabitants of Dundry, on a spur of the Mendips, complaining that Mr. Fabian, the Vicar of Chew, three miles distant, refuses to allow burials at Dundry unless the inhabitants pay him a wax candle every year on St. Andrew's day. He had several times caused dead bodies which had been brought to Dundry for burial to be violently carried away and buried at Chew; while his conduct, on the whole, seems hardly to have entitled him to the honour of a candle—certainly not a lighted one.

Mr. G. T. Clark has raised the investigation of mediæval fortification to the dignity of a science, and a study of his papers on this subject is a liberal education in castle architecture. As far back as A.D. 1836 he published in a short-lived provincial periodical (*The West of England Journal*) an "Essay on Caerphilly Castle," which included a restored plan of that magnificent Welsh fortress, the chief façade of which is "one of the finest and most complete specimens of a feudal line of defence extant in this or any other country." Indeed, for extent Caerphilly in its present condition is like the ruins of a fortified town. We doubt almost as much whether Mr. Clark has ever equalled his essay on that castle as whether any English writer has equalled Mr. Clark in a thorough knowledge of the typical arrangements of a feudal fortress. The present volume, however, contains several papers from his hand, two of these being on the "Land of Morgan and the Earls of Gloucester," and a third on Rockingham Castle, which should be read in connexion with the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne's account of the same fortress in the first volume of the *Archeological Institute Journal*. Mr. Clark's genealogy of the Earls of Gloucester is vitiated, like every pedigree of the same family from Dugdale downwards, by some confusion between Richard the son of Gilbert, the English founder of the Clares, and Richard FitzGilbert, the grandson of the founder. Mr. Clark writes that the earliest of these Richards was slain at Llantony by Yorworth, brother of Howel of Caerleon, about 1091, and that he was buried at St. Neots. He likewise says that the second Richard, grandson of the first (who, by the way, was father of Walter de Clare, the founder of Tintern Abbey), also met his death "from the natives of South Wales—it is said, by Morgan ap Owen—in the disturbances that broke out after the death of Henry I., and that "the assassination is supposed to have occurred in 1139." "He was buried," adds Mr. Clarke, "at St. Neot's." That the fate of the earlier Richard is confounded with that of the later is plain from the *Annales Cambriae*, where, under A.D. 1136, it is said "Richard filius Gilberti a Morgano filio Owyni occisus est," the day of the assassination having been,

* *Journal of the Royal Archeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland*. Vol. XXXV.

according to the continuator of Florence of Worcester, April 15, who adds that he was honourably interred, not at St. Neot's, as above, but in the Chapter-room of St. Peter's, Gloucester, where Leland (*Itin.* iv. p. 80) says that he saw his tomb. Yorworth and Morgan ap Owen, of the *Annales*, were brothers, who, according to Powell's *Cambria*, were living in 1157, or sixty-six years after the assumed murder of the earlier FitzGilbert, who we have no reason to believe died other than a natural death. The error would have been hardly worth correction had it not persistently led to a mistaken identity of persons.

A paper on the Provincials of the Friars Preachers, by the Rev. C. F. R. Palmer, is a scholarly contribution to English monastic history, which is the more welcome since the mendicant fraternities have hitherto received but scanty attention; even Dugdale having excluded them from his *Monasticon*, though his later editors have meagrely treated upon their several Houses. The great evil of poverty, says a Roman satirist, is that it makes men ridiculous. The Dominicans, at least in their earlier form, though professors of poverty, were not ridiculous, for they dignified indigence by preaching the Scriptural declaration that God had chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the promised kingdom. Accordingly, their priories, instead of being planted, like the stately abbays of the monks, beside pellucid fishing streams, where they might fatten like the dull weed on Lethe's wharf, were within hearing of the hum of some city whose crowded population of neglected poor attracted their missionary zeal. Gilbert de Fresnoy was at the head of the thirteen friars who in 1221 first came into England. On reaching Canterbury with his brethren he preached before the Archbishop, Stephen Langton, who was so satisfied with the discourse that he took the new religious order into favour. To the dignity of Archbishop and Primate of all England, one of the Provincials, Father Robert de Kilwardby, was himself at the instance of Henry III. appointed by Gregory X. As the King died the month following Kilwardby's election, in October 1272, one of the first acts of the new Archbishop was to proclaim Edward I. in the presence of the prelates and nobles, who met in the New Temple, London. Under the title of St. Rufina Kilwardby became a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. At the time of his receiving the distinction he was seventy years old; but, in spite of his age, he made his journey on foot to Rome, staff in hand, for he never forsook the habit of his order nor abated anything of his religious austerity. The works of this eminent scholar and theologian, including twenty-eight treatises on Logic and Philosophy, are enumerated in Quetif and Echard's *Scriptores Ordinis Prædicatorum*. Mr. Palmer gives biographical particulars, gathered from laborious research, of as many as forty Provincials. One of the last and best known names is that of John Hilsey, who, as a Dominican prior, was at hot against the doctrines preached by Latimer as he was afterwards, when Bishop of Rochester, strong for the King's supremacy. Before his arrival at the latter dignity he had been constituted Provincial of the Friars Preachers in order to bring that body into subjection. His work was the easier that he met with less opposition than hypocrisy. From Exeter, June 21, 1534, he wrote to Cromwell, "I have not found any religious persons in my visitations that hath utterly denied and refused the oath to be obedient, true, and agreeable unto the King's high pleasure and will. Yet I have found some that hath sworn with an evil will, and slenderly hath taken an oath to be obedient; of whom I shall more openly declare and show unto you at my next coming unto your honourable mastership, by God's grace." Hilsey's religious, or rather ecclesiastical, views appear to have matured with the growth of the Reformation. Of his exhibition of the blood of Hailes and the Rood of Grace at St. Paul's Cross we are weary of reading, and Mr. Palmer seems designedly not to have repeated the account. In 1539 he published a service book in which was introduced, says Mr. Proctor, as much doctrinal innovation as Cromwell could then venture upon. It has the abrogation of the Holy days, and the form of bidding of beads, in which, by the King's injunction, all mention of the Vicar of Rome was omitted, and the royal supremacy in the Church asserted instead. This, together with all preceding primers, was superseded in 1545 by King Henry's Primer.

Mr. J. H. Parker, C.B.'s articles on the "Cathedral of Pisa," with "Notes upon Pisan Churches," will prove a useful corrective not only to Murray's Handbook, but also to some architectural misstatements of Mr. Ruskin, whose splendid faculty of language does not always convey exact information; at least so Mr. Parker believes, while claiming him for his "excellent friend." Mr. Ruskin, we are assured, has "misled thousands of persons by following the ideas of the time of Gally Knight, and not being conscious of the *Revolution* that Professor Willis has produced."

Besides the articles we have mentioned, there are several on Anglo-Roman roads, by Messrs. W. T. Watkins, J. F. Marsh, and the Rev. R. S. Baker, which are written with a mild enthusiasm that may perhaps communicate an interest in their subject to an attentive student; and, though the study may not make the reader, like Monkbarus, resolve to travel henceforth only by the great consular ways, it may help him to form some views of his own in relation to certain stations, for he would undoubtedly find it difficult to establish a harmony between the divergent theories here propounded.

CHURCH'S STORIES FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.*

IT is a happy accident on which we must congratulate Mr. Church, that the drama of old Athens, based on the ancient myths of Thebes and Delphi and the legends of the Atreidae, the Erechtheidae, and the Labdacidae, furnishes as available matter for Christmas gift-books as the famous classical epics which in years past he has dressed up in attractive guise for the same festive season and purpose. The juvenile reader is thus won and impressed unawares, and catches, as it were, imperceptibly the threads of stories which are the framework of all classical dramatic poetry, and which will hereafter live in his mind, investing the once abominated Greek Play—formerly a by-word for all that is crabbed and incomprehensible—with a charm wholly unknown to former generations of schoolboys. Prose versions and verse translations abound of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; but the tale of those which the kindest critic could pronounce successful might be told on the fingers of one hand. By a thorough, loving, and habitual study of his admirable models Mr. Church has acquired a nicety of tact in judging what to reject, what to compress, and what to dwell upon; and yet we are disposed to think that he must have found the task of discrimination more difficult, if better worth grappling with, in dealing with Attic drama than when he represented storywise the epics of Homer or Virgil. Be this as it may, his method of manipulating his materials is just such as will recommend itself best to those most imbued with the manner of Greek tragedy. It would seem that one noticeable feature in it—namely, the rare and partial utilization of the choral odes, which, when they contain aught signally noteworthy, are, save in the case of the *Agamemnon*, taken out of their proper place, as detached utterances of sentiment—is a special result of a study of the relation of chorus to dialogue in the plays of the three great dramatists. It may be that the comparatively few cases where our author has availed himself of the chorus—originally an important figure in the plot, especially with Æschylus—and the close connexion (as in the *Agamemnon*) of the action of the drama with the choral ode in the immediate context, have seemed to Mr. Church to claim exception to his general rule of limiting his material to the dialogues and monostichs, the level passages rather than the high-flown lyric interludes. At any rate, in submitting the transcendent tragedy of the death of Agamemnon to a *raconteur's* handling he has freely availed himself of its memorable lyrics, bringing out effectively the portent of the eagles and the pregnant hare, the touching sacrifice of Iphigenia, the desolate aspect of Menelaus's hearth when Paris had rifled it, and the handful of ashes in urn of brass which "Ares the changer, but not of money," sends back to Greece for her host of heroes. Another instance may be drawn from the same story, where, in p. 148 (*Agam.* vv. 668-700) one of the old men (the chorus, be it remembered, of this drama) is made the mouthpiece of a sentiment and a similitude generally admired by students of Greek choral poetry:—"Rightly," he declares, "they named her Helen, for like hell hath she devoured men and ships, aye, and this great city of Troy. I have heard tell how a man reared a lion's cub in his house. Very pleasant was he at the first, for the children played with him, and he made sport for the old; but when he grew he showed the temper of his race, and filled the house with blood. Even so came Helen, smiling and fair to Troy, and now behold the end!" Such echoes of lyric songs are happily suited to the storyteller's purpose; nor can we too much admire Mr. Church's tact in making so much of the salient points of the dialogue—as, for example, the watchman's misgivings darkly hinted at to the ill-ordering of the house; Clytemnestra's description of the succession of beacon fires which "Athos sent southward across the sea on a path of gold like the sunshine"; the reproduction of the hardened woman's fair, glozing utterances to her returning lord in all their two-edged ambiguity, and his contrasted bluntness, when he likens her length of speech to his term of absence. The story waxes still more stirring when Cassandra answers not to the false biddings of Clytemnestra, but, looking back on the tragedies of the House of Atreus, scents by anticipation the blood of the slaughter-house. Equally forcible, even without the outlines of Flaxman, is the presentation of the conclusion—the bold, bad woman boasting over the corpses that she is not the dead man's wife, but the avenging Ate, and, with a feminine yearning that "the shedding of blood should have an end," soothing her paramour's ire at the symptoms of a rebellious spirit by the counsel, "Heed not what these babblers say."

So much for the story wrought out of the masterpieces of Æschylus. There are two kindred character-dramas of Sophocles and Euripides which our author has admitted to his list of subjects, possibly with a view to point the contrasts of woman's nature—the *Trachiniae*, or Death of Hercules, which turns on the love and jealousy of Deianira, and the consuming love, turned to hate, of the slighted Medea, whom many have regarded as the most tragic of Euripides's heroines. If, as has been recently suggested, the *Trachiniae* could be proved to be a later play of Sophocles, and of a date subsequent to the *Medea* of Euripides, it might seem as though the second of Attic tragedians had purposely sought to model a typical outraged wife, more womanly and less barbarously witch-like than his rival. The sequence in which Mr. Church gives the "Vengeance of Medea" and the

* *Stories from the Greek Tragedians*. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A., Author of "Stories from Homer," &c. With twenty-four illustrations from Designs by Flaxman and others. London, Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1880.

"Death of Hercules" seems to show that he wished to indicate this antithesis of subjects, for the two follow, in order of supposed date, the beautiful tale of *Alceſtis*. Passing over the building and equipment of the *Argo*, the quest of the *Fleece*, the taming of the bulls and the sowing of the dragon's teeth, one of the most noteworthy materials for this story is Medea's exchange of a magic ointment, rendering the possessor invulnerable, for Jason's plighted troth; a second is the removal from her husband's path of the usurper Pelias, by a lying parable (so to speak) of possible rejuvenescence. It prepares the reader for after tragedies, nor is one surprised to learn soon of Jason's estranged feeling, and his overtures to a more human bride, Glauco, the daughter of Creon, King of Corinth. It augurs ill for the new alliance when Medea pledges the chorus to silence, and appeals to their pity in the touching plea, "For a man, if he be troubled at home, goeth abroad and holdeth converse with his friends and equals of age, and is comforted. But with a woman it is not so; for she hath only the life that is at home." As a woman, she can image to herself the joys of a happy home; as a sorceress, she is impelled to work ill to all who have destroyed that home. She gains with difficulty one day's delay of her banishment, in which ostensibly to provide for her children, but really to plot death to the King and his daughter. A vehement altercation with Jason sums up in a few sentences the bitter taunts which liken Medea's false lord to base coin, and exhibits the craven meanness of Jason's pliant character, where he resorts to the argument that, being an exile in the city of Corinth, he could not do better than marry the daughter of the King. Having secured her means of retreat, she plots revenge by a mock propitiation of her rival, and, after she has learnt that the poisoned robe and chaplet have wrought their worst upon Glauco and Creon, slays her children almost before their father's eyes, and escapes his vengeance in a winged dragon-car of the Sun, her sire, wherein she takes flight for the Court of Ægeus at Athens.

The story of *Deianira* is more full of the human element. Acheulous the river god woos her roughly and unsuccessfully, some details of his wooing and his strife with Hercules being transferred from the third chorus to the prologue. Anon, when Hercules has won her, he is in danger of losing her by the lawless hand of the Centaur Nessus, who is shot in the act of carrying her off as he ferries her over the river Evenus. Hence the tears of the drama; hence the vengeance of the "dead hand" in the legacy of the Centaur's blood, to be smeared upon a garment of her spouse, as a rekindler of lost love. The gist of the story is the arousing of *Deianira's* pity, and then jealousy, at the sight of Iole, her husband's captive light-o'-love, and a troop of like-fated maidens; and, when she has ascertained the truth of the story, her unwitting resort to Nessus's bequest. She despatches by *Lichas*, the herald, a robe anointed with the Centaur's blood, not to be exposed to the sun till Hercules shall don it for a sacrifice. But soon her heart misgives the loving woman, and she fears that, in place of recalling her husband's errant love, she may but work his death, for a morsel of sheep's wool dipped in the blood wherewith the robe was anointed wastes and consumes on the instant of exposure to the sunshine. Ere long comes *Hyllus*, her eldest-born, to tell her of his father's fiery pains and sweats, his frantic wrath against the bearer of his death-robe, and his execrations against the sender. The almost utter silence of *Deianira* when she learns her fatal error is highly tragic; and when the dying hero returns to *Trachis*, to find his queen no more, our storyteller felicitously ends his story by making him ask, "Who of the men of *Trachis* is so cunning in leechcraft" as to suggest this death-spell, whereon he learns that "Nessus the centaur gave her the poison long since, that she might thus win back thy love," and recognizes the legacy of the "Dead Hand." The brief allusion to the hero's funeral pile on Mount *Ceta* seems more fitly to interweave with the pathetic and touching story of his comrade *Philoctetes*, with which, in fact, one of our most poetic neo-classicists connects it in his metrical drama of *Philoctetes*, "after the antique," published some fifteen years ago. The central figure of the story is surely *Deianira*, the *Imogen* of *Sophocles*, a guileless, devoted woman.

A briefer glance is all that can be given to others of these stories from the dramatists. And first a word touching the *Love of Alceſtis*, a vague yet curious foreshadowing of the doctrine of "vicarious atonement," such as often comes across the reader of the Greek plays. Few parallels are to be found, however, to the contention of *Apollo* with *Death* (pp. 2-3), which Mr. Church, after his manner when dealing with what is unique or exceptional, has reproduced almost word for word; or to the later wrestling of his prey from *Hades*, which takes place, it is true, behind the scenes, but is realized when the hero comes back with the veiled lady to repair his unintentional breach of the rules of hospitality in having unwittingly feasted at the crisis of his host's sorrow. In this story much is made of *Alceſtis's* visit to her bridal chamber from the handmaid's description, and of her visions of *Charon's* skiff and the *Messenger* of the dead, cleverly interwoven from the choral lines. The character of *Hercules*, plainspoken and blunt, seems at first unfeeling, but only through a misunderstanding. *Admetus* said of the dead in his house "that she was a stranger by blood, but near in friendship, and that she had dwelt in his house, having been left an orphan of her father. Nevertheless *Hercules* would have departed and found entertainment elsewhere, for he would not be troublesome to his host, but the King suffered him not." The first discovery of the truth is when the hero has, later on, cross-questioned the guest-

attendant. In the alterations of *Pheres* with *Admetus*, even on Mr. Church's showing, there is some weight in the grandfather's reluctance to abridge his little span of life, and we are disposed to accept Professor *Mahaffy's* estimate of the King's character as "weak and selfish, but hospitable, as men generally are." Among the other nine stories we should reckon those of *Antigone*, *Electra*, the *Iphigenia in Aulis* and *Among the Taurians*, and the *Persians*, as the most attractive. *Antigone's* devotion to the unwritten but sure commands of Heaven in preference to Creon's decrees and proclamations as to *Polynices's* body is shown by the course of the story to be in accordance with the sentiment of the common folk, of the Prince *Hæmon*, *Antigone's* lover, and of the old and blind soothsayer *Tiresias*, so often a weighty arbitrator in Greek tragedy. In the story of *Electra*; or, the *Return of Orestes*, the lines of *Sophocles* are faithfully and happily followed, the imaginary chariot-race being described with vivid circumstantiality, and the deaths of *Clytemnestra* and *Ægisthus* furnishing one stage of the retribution for the death of *Agamemnon*. In *Iphigenia among the Taurians*, the *ἀγασπείρις* of *Orestes* and *Iphigenia* by means of a tablet which she proposes to send home to her nearest of kin to apprise him that she is yet alive, is wrought by *Pylades* handing the tablet to *Orestes* in her presence; and in the story of the *Persians* Mr. Church wisely rids the reader of the *κομποί* by ending his tale where the ghost of *Darius* vanishes, without awaiting the crestfallen *Xerxes*.

We should be glad to think that Mr. Church had many more fields of classic fable susceptible of his special mode of treatment. At any rate there still remain a few dramas to which his method might perhaps be successfully applied.

THE PARSON O' DUMFORD.*

THE *Parson o' Dumford* is to our mind a more artistic and dramatic story than any of the former novels by the author which we happen to have read. Mr. Manville Fenn has always been a painstaking novelist, and his conscientious work affords an agreeable contrast to the slovenly productions which swamp the libraries. The *Parson o' Dumford* is no exception. The plot is solidly and ingeniously put together; the scenes have been effectively conceived in relation to the climax; and the various incidents which sustain the excitement are harmoniously arranged to help forward the action. But we admire something even rarer than skilled and careful workmanship in the book. There is a keen perception of the workings of the feelings and passions; there is pathos which touches us the more for the rugged natures which are wrought upon by unaccustomed emotions; and there is a truth in the play of character which reflects the originality and freshness of studies from the life. In one respect the story is pleasantly exceptional, inasmuch as not a soul bearing a title of any kind is introduced, even incidentally, from the first page to the last. The man to whose enterprise the town of Dumford owed its existence, or at least its development, is not even knighted; and the Parson himself is the only person who has indisputable pretensions to rank as a gentleman. It is a tale of hard times among the working classes; of passions excited by strikes and privations and quarrels embittered by an employer's tyranny. We confess to knowing nothing ourselves of the rude local dialect; but it gives one the idea of being faithfully rendered, and though it is employed freely, it is sufficiently intelligible not to interfere with a clear understanding of the story.

The Rev. Murray Selwood is a somewhat eccentric and quixotic young clergyman, who is admirably adapted for the venture he undertakes. He has been looking out for a parish that shall task his superabundant energies, and in Dumford his wishes are gratified to the uttermost. A finer field for disheartening enterprise no muscular divine need desire, and his predecessor has left the soil practically untilled. The former occupant got on fairly well with his flock by simply leaving them to their own devices. He was popularly known by a half-contemptuous nickname, and he conciliated prejudice by dropping in at the public-house to smoke a pipe over a "gill of ale" with the jovial landlord. The religious ideas of the factory hands of Dumford are limited to the assertion of their spiritual independence by parading their detestation of priestly interference. Doing a hard day's work for a good day's wage, they despise their pastor as a drone who draws his stipend for doing nothing. Before Mr. Selwood has even set foot in the town, he has an opportunity of beginning as he means to go on. Walking across the hills, carrying his night-baggage in a little hand-bag, he makes the acquaintance of a specimen of his new parishioners. Tom Podmore appears to be of the stamp of the native who welcomes any stranger in a decent coat by "heaving harf a brick at him." He returns a brutal answer, or rather no answer at all, to a civil question. In the brief interview in which the newcomer asserts his ascendancy Mr. Fenn introduces the Parson very artistically. Selwood's bearing and behaviour speak for themselves, and we feel persuaded that he will have his way in the end with the semi-barbarous industrial roughs of Dumford. The manner of his arrival, like his offhand address, shows that he does not stand on ceremony. The imperturbable good humour he opposes to Podmore's coarse incivility shows an easy conviction of superiority, to which the other insensibly submits. The new parson is evidently neither a pre-

* *The Parson o' Dumford*. By George Manville Fenn. London: Chapman & Hall. 1879.

cisian nor an ascetic, which are decided points in his favour. He lights a pipe with an air of intense enjoyment, and presses his pouch of excellent tobacco upon Podmore. He laces a capful of water from the brook with spirits from a pocket flask, and insists upon the young man sharing the draught. He mentions incidentally that he is fond of cricket, and rather a good hand at roundhand bowling. In the course of a quarter of an hour he makes a staunch friend of Tom Podmore, and the friendship subsequently serves him well. Tom, who is really a very honest fellow, though externally as rough a diamond as any of his comrades, explains half apologetically that he has been "popped" (put out of temper); and as the pair walk on together towards the town, they chance to come across the cause of the "popping." Of course the cause is a comely young woman, who has been playing fast and loose with Tom's affections. But adventures and introductions crowd upon Selwood before he reaches his parsonage. With the comely Daisy Banks is the charming Miss Eve Pelly, whom the Parson has the opportunity of rescuing from a quaking bog, and who acknowledges the little service with a frank sweetness that fascinates him. A little further on, by the way, while sauntering through the town, the bricks are heaved at him, in the shape of a couple of pieces of slag or refuse, which are the more natural missiles of the people in an iron foundry.

The Parson, as is shown by results, is the very man for Dumford, and all the more so because he is anything rather than the conventional clergyman. He makes no concealment of tastes that might be regarded elsewhere as barely orthodox. There are fishing-rods and guns in the corners of the room where he receives his parochial visitors, and there is an even stronger defiance of popular prejudices in the foils and boxing-gloves that are displayed on his walls. That he is a good man with the gloves, or without them, he has very speedily an opportunity of proving; and in a row when he rescues the great man of the place from a mob of his justly infuriated workpeople, he gains the affections of one of the most stalwart of the ringleaders by a straightforward blow delivered from the shoulder. Mr. Selwood happens to be rich too, and it turns out that he has accepted this thorny cure from sheer love of arduous work. The way in which he extends his growing influence by action and example rather than sermons, his force of character, his ready tact, and his genial temper are all well brought out. The best of the people in their time of trouble turn to him naturally for help and counsel. It is quite intelligible that the men should respect their cheery, stalwart, and straightforward divine, who is as able in case of necessity to knock them down as to pick them up; who is discreetly generous to the deserving and the undeserving alike; and who quietly refuses to take offence, however offensively they behave to him. But he is just as successful in winning the women, though he does not go out of his way to flatter them. It is not only that he becomes at once the confidant and counsellor of Mrs. Glaire, though he is detested by her son, who is the master of the works. But he makes even a more absolute conquest of his own vinegar-tempered housekeeper, who, though she can never lay aside her waspish manner, becomes bound to the Parson soul and body. All the Dumford folks of the lower orders are excellently drawn, without exception, and some of them are described very humorously. There is Sam Slee, the good-for-nothing husband of the Parson's housekeeper, with his grandiloquently illiterate speeches as a stump-orator, and the struggles between his self-consequence and his appetite when he is filling his stomach at the Parson's expense. There is Jacky Budd, the Parson's gardener and the parish clerk, with his specious pretences for shirking work and his unquenchable thirst for the ale to which he professes himself profoundly indifferent. Of a very different stamp, and, next to the Parson himself, the finest character in the story, is Joe Banks, the veteran foreman at the works. Joe has been the old comrade and lifelong friend of the father of Richard Glaire, who had made himself and his fortune. Joe's staunch devotion to the widow and son of his old comrade has a great deal of rude chivalry in it. Dick Glaire is one of the basest curs we have ever met in the pages of fiction; yet Joe makes it an article of faith to believe in "the lad," and insists upon shutting his eyes to his faults. The interest of the story turns in great measure on Glaire's licentious pursuit of the daughter of his kind old foreman. Daisy Banks is pure enough, though over head and ears in love with the deluder, and Mrs. Glaire is anxious to stop the mischief and save the girl and her scapegrace son. There is an excellent scene when she sends for Joe Banks to enlist his assistance. Banks, after one violent outbreak of temper when she has put the matter to him from the common-sense point of view, calms down, and becomes perfectly good-tempered. He knows Mr. Richard far too well to believe he can mean any harm to the lass; and not even the uncharitable ideas of the mother can shake his conviction. He trusts Daisy as he trusts Richard. "Seen them together?" of course he has, and many times. As for Dick's kissing the girl, nothing can be more natural. He has gone courting himself in his time, and so has Mrs. Glaire. And he remains equally imperturbable when the old lady insists that the only honourable solution of Dick's ambiguous attentions is quite inadmissible. Why should not Mr. Richard marry the lass? Daisy is as sweet a girl as ever stepped, and good enough for any man. Mr. Glaire is a working-man's son, as she is a working-man's daughter. Nor, in spite of the respect he has for Mrs. Glaire, can she drive him for a moment from that position. Comedy, as might be expected, turns to tragedy before the affair is brought to a conclusion. Daisy Banks has disappeared, and though it comes out that Mrs. Glaire

is the person implicated, of course suspicion has fallen on her son. Banks is maddened with grief and rage, and in his determination to be revenged upon the author of his daughter's ruin, has leagued himself with some of the worst characters in the place. It is he who has undertaken to blow up the works, which have hitherto been dear to him next to his daughter. At the moment when he is bending over the powder train to fire it he is interrupted. Glaire has been hiding in the works. Daisy, though her love has turned to aversion, has come to him with warning of the mischief meant him, and the maddened father is brought face to face with his rascally employer and his missing daughter.

For what passes in the circumstances we must refer our readers to the book; we should be sorry to spoil their interest in a highly exciting complication. Nor will we do more than hint at the upshot of Mr. Selwood's unspoken attachment to Eve Pelly, which has taxed the Parson's extraordinary powers of self-control to the uttermost. Miss Pelly is engaged to her cousin Glaire, and the Parson knows it; and knows besides, far better than that confiding young woman, how utterly undeserving is Glaire of the object of the Parson's adoration. That he tries hard to save Glaire and to keep him straight in spite of himself is only in keeping with the heroic self-denial of the man and his inborn sense of honour and duty. And when we see Eve go actually to the altar with her cousin, while Selwood has most reluctantly consented to unite them, we doubt whether his self-sacrifice was not criminal, while we feel that he is submitting himself to refinements of torture. If a clever novel is to have a happy ending, that ceremony must be interrupted somehow or other, and all the chances are against an interruption so unprecedented. Our suspense is continued to the closing pages; for Mr. Fenn, being far from a commonplace author, is just as likely to do violence to his readers' sympathies as to let them lay down his volumes with a sigh of relief.

ERRATUM.—In our article of last week on "The Old Year and the New," the name "Mrs. E. M. Ward" was by a printer's error substituted for "Mr. E. M. Ward."

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—The NEXT ORDINARY MEETING of the present Session will be held on Tuesday, the 20th instant, at the Society's Rooms, King's College Entrance, Strand, W.C., London, when a paper will be read on "The Sorikes of the Past Ten Years," by G. PHILLIPS REYAN, Esq. The Chair will be taken at 7.45 P.M.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION will be held in the Theatre of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, on Thursday and Friday, the 15th and 16th of January. The Chair will be taken at 10 o'clock by Canon BARRY. Canon BARRY's Address will be followed by a Discussion on Dr. Lyon Playfair's Bill and other proposed measures for the Organization and Registration of Teachers. Papers by Dr. BOTH, Dr. GLADSTONE, and others, will be read and discussed.

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.—At a PUBLIC MEETING held in the Town Hall, Dundee, on Wednesday, December 31, 1879, Provost BROWNLEE in the Chair, it was moved by the Rev. Dr. WATSON, and seconded by Mr. YHAMAN, M.P.:

"That this Meeting of the Inhabitants of Dundee desires to express its deepest sympathy with the friends of all those who were suddenly swept into eternity by the stupendous disaster at the Tay Bridge, and that a Committee be appointed to receive subscriptions, and to administer the fund that may be subscribed according to the necessities of the case."

Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer, Mr. ALEX. SCOTT, Clydesdale Bank, Dundee, and by

WM. BROWNLEE, Provost of Dundee.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, BRISTOL.—CHEMICAL PROFESSORSHIP.—The Council invite applications for the Chair of CHEMISTRY. Salary, £300, with a share of the Students' Fees. Applications, with testimonials, to be sent not later than February 9, 1880. Further information may be obtained from the Principal on application to EDWARD STOKES, M.R.C.S., Secretary.

STROUD LADIES' COLLEGE, Beeches Green, Stroud, Gloucestershire.—Principals, The Misses HOWARD. FIRST TERM will begin January 22. Two Vacancies.

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